THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 313 — NUMBER 4064

MAY 27, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BOLSHEVIKI AND KINGS

THE press has already reported the fiery protests of the Italian Bolsheviki against the acceptance by the Soviet delegates at Genoa of the King's invitation to dine with him on board the warship Dante Alighieri. *Corriere della Sera* describes the function itself as follows: —

We do not know all the words exchanged between the Russians and our incorruptibles; but the fact was that yesterday morning our Russian visitors calmly put on their dress suits and their top hats, and came aboard the Dante Alighieri with spotless gray gloves and sat down to table with His Majesty. The Master of Ceremonies formally presented them to the King in the following words: 'M. George Chicherin, member of the Central Executive of the Pan-Russian Committee, and People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs.' 'I have the pleasure,' said His Majesty, cordially shaking hands with him and speaking in French. Next the Master of Ceremonies announced M. Léonidas Krassin, member of the Russian Delegation, People's Commissar for Foreign Commerce. M. Krassin, slight of figure, with a little pointed beard, and faultlessly dressed, bowed most politely, and the King also shook hands cordially with him. It is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of all Europe, through its representatives, were following with intense interest this little scene between our King and the two leaders of Bolshevism, who stood in affable conversation.

The King at once, with warm courtesy, opened the conversation, speaking without the slightest sign of embarrassment and with his usual affability and familiarity. MM. Chicherin and Krassin answered likewise, without hesitation. The King remarked that the name Chicherin sounded very Italian, and to both of them he expressed his faith in the labors and good success of the Conference. Krassin, among other things, said he had observed from the enthusiastic popular ovations given His Majesty that the King was very much liked, and was a real father to his subjects.

The presentations took place on deck. An immense awning covered the space between the ship's turrets fore and aft. Tables for lunch were prepared in three rows in the saloon on the right. The King sat at the centre table, with Mr. Lloyd George on his right and M. Barthou on the left. Chicherin sat opposite the Archbishop of Genoa, and in conversation remarked that the Bolsheviks insisted on full liberty for religion. To this the Italian Prelate replied, 'Yes, true liberty is a great thing.' King Victor Emanuel conversed freely in English with Mr. Lloyd George, and in French with M. Barthou. He spoke with M. Albert Thomas on the work of the International Bureau of Labor, with the English and French delegates, and with Count Banffy, Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, to whom he said gallantly: 'You had able and brave soldiers,' to which Count Banffy replied: 'Your Majesty,

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during the late war our Hungarian soldiers fought only through feeling of duty, not for sentiment.' The German Chancellor was very obsequious, and addressed him in German, to which the King replied in French, saying that he felt that his knowledge of the German language was too imperfect for him to risk speaking.

In one part of the saloon there was a long animated conversation between Mr. Lloyd George, M. Barthou, Sir. L. Worthington-Evans, Signor Schanzer, M. Theunis, and M. Jaspar, and afterwards MM. Barthou, Chicherin, and Krassin were also seen in long, and, in appearance at least, very cordial conversation. Chicherin afterward remarked to the Italian Deputies that he had been very much impressed by the King's lively, cheerful manner, and thought that Victor Emanuel might do well even as President of a Soviet.

Subsequent to this meeting, *Il Giornale d'Italia* published a report to the effect that the Bolshevist delegates sounded the Archbishop of Genoa and the Papal representative at the Conference, with a view to sending an official mission to the Vatican. The Bolshevist objects are believed to be a natural desire for good terms with the Papacy and the wish to neutralize the efforts of the Russian exiles at the Vatican.

JAPAN'S PERIODICAL LITERATURE

G. B. SANSOM, who speaks from an intimate knowledge of Japan's language and literature, recently delivered a lecture to the Yokohama Literary and Musical Society upon Japanese periodicals. He did not treat this field of literature — or non-literature — *con amore*, stating frankly at the outset that if he were appointed dictator after the next revolution his first decree would be to abolish all newspapers and most magazines. Japanese periodicals are so much like those of other countries that it is easier to point out similarities than differences. Japan has about one hundred well-known fortnightlies and monthlies, exclusive of strictly trade publications. There are very few weeklies. Of the one hundred mentioned, no less than fifteen are for children. 'These do not call for much notice; on the whole they are not much worse or much better than similar products in other countries. But I think one can safely say that the best in Japan are a long way behind the best elsewhere.' The printing is poor and the illustrations 'shockingly bad.'

About a dozen magazines are published for ladies. These also, according to the lecturer, are not of a very high character. They are illustrated fairly well, chiefly with photographs of prominent people, wedding groups, and fashionable beauties. Some contain serious discussions of such questions as woman suffrage, marriage laws, and women's employment, together with many 'advanced essays' on 'such engaging topics as "Free Love."' The Japanese like new things, and novel topics are sure to be popular.

A perusal of the contents of the more serious magazines reveals a range of titles almost identical with those we should expect to find in British or American reviews of a similar type. Political articles deal with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the Historical Significance of the World War, the Anti-British Movement in India, the Cabinet's Policy regarding Prices and Unemployment, the British Coal Strike, the History of Japanese Labor-Unionism, the Prospects of the Labor Movement in Japan, the Russo-German Agreement, and the So-called Pacific Conference. There are occasional more popular articles on such subjects as Less Expensive Summer-Resorts, and Tokyo's Aquatic Population.

The Japanese periodical world is blessed with an unusual number of eccentric publications that are the organs

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of expression for various New Thought and New Art vagaries.

In Japan, as in other countries, the most widely read magazines are those that publish mainly fiction. In addition there are the usual special publications, including the *Baseball World* and the *Chess Times*. *Kokaa*, the well-known art monthly, was rated by the lecturer 'probably the best thing of its sort in the world.'

Tokyo has twenty-four dailies, Osaka fifteen dailies, and altogether there are six hundred daily papers in Japan. They resemble in a general way those of Europe and the United States, though our American blanket-sheets are unknown. It is not a violation of professional etiquette for doctors and lawyers to advertise, and they do so extensively. The number of face creams and powders advertised is astonishing. The sporting columns are well edited. There is a famous Third Page in most important Japanese dailies, devoted to spicy paragraphs, personal revelations, and police news.

Japan also has its comic papers. With reference to these the lecturer admitted: 'I have done my best to appreciate their jokes, but I confess I have never found myself inconvenienced by laughter.'

SEAMEN'S WAGES IN THE PACIFIC

We recently reported the victory won by the workers in the Chinese seamen's strike at Hongkong and South China ports. The new rate of pay averages about twenty dollars a month, an advance from about fifty cents a month thirty years ago. The Chinese can demand higher wages on vessels than in land occupations, since rates of pay are influenced by the price that Japanese and White sailors demand for similar service. The contrast between the wages paid White and Yellow seamen upon vessels engaged in competitive trade is illustrated by the last decision of the Australian Arbitration Court, which fixes the minimum wage for such labor at £15 7*s*. per month, or more than $70 at the normal rate of exchange. English crews receive in the neighborhood of $55 a month, and Japanese crews about $20 a month.

THE WHITE RACE IN THE TROPICS

About the time that the article reprinted in the *Living Age* of May 13 was published in London, advocating restricted admission of the colored races to tropical Australia on the ground that Whites cannot live and labor in the tropics, an article appeared in the *Medical Journal of Australia* describing what has happened to Whites who have resided for several generations in the Dutch East Indies. It is not generally known that families of Teutonic blood have been actually living for five or six generations in Holland's tropical possessions. Some of these have retained their White blood pure, others have mingled with the natives.

The author of the article, Dr. Elkington, of the Commonwealth Health Department, describes the history of nine families of Dutch ancestry sprung from settlers who took up their abode upon the Island of Kisar in 1767. After the Dutch Garrison withdrew from the island, these families remained behind, intermarrying with the natives, relapsing into heathenism, and losing all memory of the Dutch language. During the eighties the Government became aware of the existence of these people and tried to help them, with the result that they have been rechristianized and won back to civilization. Dr. Elkington reaches the conclusion, by studying these White or part White denizens of the tropics, that they have maintained their mental and physical traits sub-

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stantially unchanged after five or six generations.

These characteristics have survived in spite of environmental conditions and associations lasting over sixty years, from 1819 onwards, and probably for some seventy years or more, which are generally supposed to be totally unsuitable for persons of European stock. These conditions have included native standards of food and food supply, endemic malaria, the psychological effect of what must have been for the earlier generations an acute sense of abandonment by their own race, life under the rule of native chiefs, constant association with a native race of low mentality, loss of European language and European religion, interbreeding to a high degree, and constant exposure to a tropical climate.

There is nothing in the available history of these people to show that a tropical climate per se has tended to produce degenerative effects on them or to limit fertility.

Whatever evidence they may have shown of lowered physical or mental activity in the past can be fully explained by the environmental conditions of food supply, malaria, and particularly of native associations, aided possibly by the accentuation of stock-weaknesses arising from interbreeding over several generations.

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CHINESE TURMOIL

Frankfurter Zeitung contains a well-informed leader upon the 'battles of the satraps' in China, in which Chang Tso-lin is described as a bold bandit, and Wu Pei-fu as a liberal general who occasionally lapses into reaction.

These fighting-cocks have foreign backers. General Chang Tso-lin is on the best of terms with the Japanese in Mukden. Naturally this creates the suspicion that Japan is backing him. Wu Pei-fu is very popular with the English and Americans. But irrespective of this, whatever tends to create chaos in Northern China will eventually profit Japan. Under the Washington Treaties, Japan is obligated to evacuate Shantung and to return Tsingtau to China. Besides this, there are many other things in these compacts that the Japanese dislike extremely. A savage civil war in Northern China will give them an excellent excuse for postponing these measures.

Nothing is farther from my wish than to cast unjust aspersions on Japan. Above all, not at present, when Lord Northcliffe, that professional hate-sower and well-poisoner in the field of international politics, has started a bitter campaign against England's recent ally. . . . None the less, in the interest of world peace, we ought to watch alertly Japan's present policy. Only a few days ago she abruptly broke off the Conference at Dairen. In the same way that the Genoa Conference was to restore peace with Soviet Russia in the West, so the Dairen Conference was to restore peace with the Chita Russians in the East.

France is trying to sabotage the Genoa Conference. Is there a certain harmony of policy between France and Japan? An informant in China assures us that the disclosure which the Bolsheviki and Koreans made in Washington, of a community of interest between Japan and France, is no canard, but a literal fact. In any case France and Japan are now the two great exponents of *Machtpolitik*. It would be the most natural thing in the world that, finding themselves isolated by this policy, the two should draw close together. Moreover, both nations have many common interests in China. Sun Yat-sen, who is an ally of Japan's favorite, Chang Tso-lin, is the enemy of England. His revolutionary organization has always had its roots in the French Colony of Indo-China. If order is once restored in China, the country will fall under the moral sway of Anglo-American financiers. Neither France nor Japan wishes to see that. Their policy of military imperialism will constantly strive to promote disorder with the object of thus attaining their imperialist ends.

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AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN AUSTRALIA

We have referred on several occasions to the agricultural crisis in Australia. A vivid picture of the situation in some parts of the Commonwealth is contained in a letter written by a

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Queensland farmer to *Stead's Magazine*, published in Melbourne. This farmer says that he and his neighbors cannot sell their crops at a price that will make both ends meet. The district where he lives was opened for settlement in 1912. One fifth of the original colony have left because they could not make a living, and a fourth of the remainder are drawing government rations. The rest are far from doing well. This correspondent says that his nearest neighbor's family

> have worked hard from dawn till dark with wife and children, and after eight years they are poorer than when they started. The daily drudgery — Sundays, too — is grinding them down till they have stooping backs and a slovenly look. The children rise at four in the morning, and one can see them sitting under a cow, with sleepy eyes, mechanically pulling the teats till it is time for school.

With all this toil on the part of the farmer and his family, this particular settler has earned less than one hundred dollars a year during the past three years, from which meagre sum he has to provide all the articles purchased for his family. He has not had a new suit since he took his farm eight years ago. 'Many a farmer has had to go and catch a kangaroo rat or a cockatoo for his dinner, with pigweed or potato vine for vegetables. One farmer was found living on boiled prickly pear.'

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SOUTH AFRICA'S RACE PROBLEM

NATIVE unrest in Africa, to which there has been frequent allusion in the *Living Age*, is evidently due to complex causes that are not always the same in different parts of the continent. Some of these causes are very similar to those that are giving rise to labor unrest in other parts of the world. A government commission, reporting upon the Port Elizabeth riots, found that wages had risen but 60 per cent during a period when the cost of living had risen 105 per cent. The land question, also, is as urgent as the land question in Eastern Europe and Italy and Spain, though in a different form. The native reservations are becoming overpopulated, since their area is limited and the people multiply rapidly. For instance, Basutoland has an area of less than ten thousand square miles, with a farming population of four hundred and twenty thousand, who double their number every twenty-five years. Furthermore, as in Europe, the educated classes among the natives have taken up with radical theories under the pressure of social and economic grievances. Black schoolteachers are inadequately paid, and while the salaries of European and Indian teachers have been advanced substantially, those of the natives have not been increased correspondingly.

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MINOR NOTES

AN estimate of the total wealth of France at the present time, based in part upon the appraisals on that wealth made by economists before the war, has been computed by R. Morin in *La Revue de France*. We quote the following summary from his article: 'So we have a total valuation (for our national wealth) of 1000 billion francs, a debt of 300 billion, an ordinary budget of 25 billion. These are the figures compared with 300 billions total wealth, 30 billions of debt, and 5 billions of national revenues and expenditures before the war.' Naturally the increase in these figures is due to the inflation of the currency. 'The annual income of France seems to be between 100 and 150 billions, as compared with 30 to 35 billions before the war. This figure is certainly not exaggerated, in view of the fact that we have floated 80 billions of public bonds within two years, and that the

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French people have met these demands upon their capital while maintaining a reasonable standard of living and paying taxes.'

A NEW English-language paper, to be called the *Daily Berlin American*, began publication in Berlin on March 18. It is the first daily in the English language ever printed in that city. The price is five marks per copy, or eight times more than that of the German dailies. It is reported to be politically 'all for peace and harmony.'

BELGIUM, which has been the most prosperous industrial country in Europe since the war, has certainly won several notable successes over its European and American rivals in securing iron and steel orders from abroad. One Belgium firm has recently sold forty thousand tons of rails in the Argentine; another has sold approximately the same quantity in South America and Bulgaria, and has made substantial sales to Japan and Holland. The feeling prevails that Belgium's iron and steel industries have nothing to fear even from the competition of neighboring countries whose currency has depreciated far more than her own.

LAST year Germany launched more shipping — well toward half-a-million tons — than in any previous year of her history.

GERMAN universities now enroll about one hundred and twenty thousand students, of whom more than two thirds are reported to be suffering from extreme poverty. These are the sons of doctors, lawyers, government officials, and men of small fixed incomes, who feel most keenly the effects of a depreciated currency and the accompanying increase in the cost of living.

A WRITER in *Deutschlands Erneuerung* urges the Government to levy a tax of one half-dollar a day on every foreigner temporarily residing in Germany, and to prohibit the sale of goods to foreigners except at an advance of domestic prices, or at prices fixed in dollars. It is estimated that there are about half-a-million foreigners in Germany at present, and that this source of revenue will net the country between one quarter of a million and one half a million dollars a day.

Punch prints with grim glee the following extract from that usually serious but occasionally humorous contemporary, the *Congressional Record*. Its adoption by a foreign publication is our excuse for reprinting it in the *Living Age:* —

Mr. Appleby of New Jersey laid upon the clerk's desk a petition of the Quiet Hour Club of Metuchen, New Jersey, urging the United States Government to protest against the withdrawal of the French troops at present protecting the Armenians.

THE Tokyo police have been disturbed by a flood of endless-chain letters and post cards passing through the Metropolitan Post Office, and have tried without success to ascertain its starter. One is inclined to wonder why the Government should be concerned over a matter which is adding to the postal revenues, without obvious harm to the recipients of the messages, which are uniformly worded as follows: —

I wish you happiness, blessings, and loving happiness with me. Wish this to eight persons to whom you wish happiness. You must not break the chain. The one who breaks it will know unhappiness. This chain was started by an American officer, and must go eighty-four times round the world. You must accomplish this in the space of fourteen hours and after seven days you shall know happiness. — A FRIEND.

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THE WORLD SITUATION IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

BY PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH MEINECKE

[*Professor Meinecke, of the University of Berlin, is one of the most eminent historians in Germany.*]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, April* 12
(BERLIN DAILY, HUGO STINNES PRESS)

'WERE we to put down on the table to-morrow 264 billion marks, instead of the 132 billion marks that the Entente Powers demand, it would not help us in the least. They would continue to persecute and torment us.'

An eminent German statesman, whose career has been distinguished by moderation and good judgment, recently made the above remark to me. It expresses the sentiment that we find everywhere in Germany. Is this opinion really based on a profound understanding of facts, or is it a mere transitory emotion, as ephemeral and unstable as the varying value of our money? At the time of the Cannes Conference we fancied for a moment that the clouds were about to break. But when Poincaré became Premier of France, the heavens grew darker than ever, and they have continued so up to the Genoa meeting.

But is the pessimism with which we regard this Conference, and its probable results, justified? I do not raise this question on account of the friendlier attitude that the opening session at Genoa seemed to betray. We must base our prognostications on a wider survey of world conditions, as they have developed under the influence of and subsequent to the Peace of Versailles. Such a survey will not give us a mathematically dependable chart of the situation, but it will save us perhaps from being misled by mere impressions and conjectures.

Our first question is: How permanent and trustworthy are the foundations upon which rests the present abnormal influence of France in the public affairs of Europe — an influence that makes it possible for France to brush aside the more moderate policies of England, and to drag Germany like a lamb of sacrifice to the altar of wrath and vengeance? We are in the presence of a diabolically clever organization of power that unhappily gives the impression of being far more solid and substantial than anything that Louis XIV or Napoleon, in the days of their greatness, were able to achieve. The central idea of this organization, however, is borrowed from the classic example of Louis XIV, following the traditions of French diplomacy, so prone to seek precedent in past history for its contemporary policies. In the days of the Grand Monarch, France sought to make Germany powerless by a chain of alliances encircling her on every side. In that day Sweden, Poland, and Turkey formed this girdle. But these Powers were none too trustworthy, and further security was needed to ensure the impregnable hegemony of France on the Continent.

Poland is still a somewhat questionable ally, so far as political stability and economic strength are concerned. But all these newly created or resurrected states of Central and Eastern Europe are aflame with the patriotic fire of their young nationalism. Their

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ambitious dreams of power overleap their economic strength, and compel them for the time being to obey the dictates of the Versailles Peace and to look to France for protection. A long period must elapse before Russia can become an effective counterweight for these young nations. I merely venture to suggest, however, that what we know of the character of the people of Eastern Europe makes it probable that Russia will not postpone an attempt to assert herself again in international affairs long enough to put her house in economic and financial order. Russia really needs years of peace and labor to restore her shattered society and resources, even though she have the aid of Western Europe. None the less, she may break loose again at any moment and like an avalanche sweep everything from her course.

During the coming century we shall probably witness other repetitions of earlier historical phenomena, and they will bring much weal and woe to Europe and to ourselves. For several hundred years the shifting relations of political power in Europe have manifested a definite tendency to follow a spiral course. Therefore it is of the utmost interest for us to compare the political position of modern England with the policy of that country in the seventeenth century.

What did England seek in taking up arms against us? To destroy our navy, to weaken our commercial competition, — though I consider this a secondary motive, — but not to shatter our political strength. Lord Grey said to Lichnowsky: 'We do not want to crush Germany.' There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of these words. They merely express the classical spirit of English continental policy, which practically never seeks to destroy utterly the greatest European Power for the sake of setting up another Power in its place. As a rule, England prefers to leave the weakened nation enough strength to form a counterweight for any rival. I need only cite the way England treated Holland after the Cromwellian War, and the way she treated France in the second Paris Peace of 1815. On the latter occasion England wished France to be a future counterweight for Russia, who was already becoming too powerful; and so she defeated Germany's desire to recover Alsace.

Only once did England violate her traditional rule of political conduct. Rather remarkably it occurred in Cromwell's day. Decades of war to decide the supremacy of Hapsburg Spain or Bourbon France were drawing to an end. Cromwell was courted by both Powers. Which should he help against the other? England's interest in maintaining a balance of power in Europe demanded that she should aid the decadent and weaker Government, Spain, against the rising and stronger Government of France. However, Cromwell aided France against Spain, and thereby gave the deathblow to the latter country as a great Power. This happened at the time of the Pyrenees Peace of 1659, and paved the way for the undisputed supremacy of Louis XIV in Europe.

The easy-going policy of the Stuarts, who for dynastic and religious reasons were largely under the influence of Louis XIV, aggravated Cromwell's cardinal blunder. Not until King William of Orange ascended the throne did English policy return to the path that consulted the true national interests of the country. But Great Britain paid by heavy sacrifices and two mighty wars for Cromwell's blunder. She finally checked the growing power of Louis XIV; but it took a hundred years of naval war and colonial rivalry to reduce France to comparative im-

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potence. How much easier it would have been for England to have had her way in Europe, if the Pyrenees Peace had never been signed!

A modern parallel of this capital blunder in English policy forces itself at once on our attention. In the autumn of 1916 Grey and Asquith seemed inclined to make a move that would have accorded with Great Britain's classical policy of maintaining a balance of power in Europe. Lloyd George thrust this to one side with his 'knock-out' slogan. That statesman had risen from a social class that is not steeped in the old traditions of English statesmanship. He has been the executor of popular passion, and he exemplifies strikingly the proverb: 'We are masters of our first step, and slaves of our second.'

On the eve of the Peace of Versailles, when he was ready, as he now acknowledges, to approve milder terms for Germany, it was already too late. The trump that England held in her hand throughout the war, that she could have played so as to compel a recognition of her interest in an enduring peace, fell from her hand the moment Germany lay prostrate and defenseless. After that, Great Britain could not invite an open conflict with France over the terms of the Treaty. She had to bow submissively to French dictation. It is questionable, of course, whether Lloyd George could have done better in any case — whether he could have saved himself from the fatal consequences of his 'knock-out' policy. His subsequent efforts to do so have never been more than a half success. So what can England venture against the physical superiority of France upon the Continent? It may take more than a century for English statecraft to retrieve its blunder.

Lloyd George is reported to take comfort in the fact that the French effort to restore Napoleon's system in Europe will collapse within a decade, because France lacks the physical power to maintain it. He is said to have added, with a shrug of his shoulders: 'That will be too late for Germany, however.' It is immaterial whether Lloyd George actually used these words. I fancy that the second part of this opinion, 'it will be too late for Germany,' is more likely to prove true than the first part, that French Napoleonism will collapse of its own weight within a decade.

We may be certain, of course, that the collapse Lloyd George predicts will come, if the past experience of Europe affords any precedent of value. But there are good reasons for believing that French hegemony in Europe will last for a considerable period. The French are not the decadent nation that many of us fancied when she was 'bleeding white' at Verdun. Her peculiar economic and social structure as a peasant and petty bourgeois state will, indeed, prevent her from becoming a world power of first rank. But that very quality assures her apparent indestructibility, as a self-contained military nation, rent by no serious social cleavages and united by a glorious history.

To-day England is weaker than she was before the war. She misplayed the trump that she held in the game of European politics. Ireland's successful revolt and her ability to achieve what she could not achieve before the war throw a bright light upon the true status of the British Empire.

The only world power that can look forward to the future with assurance and complacency is the United States. Because she is so sure of herself, she can pursue a policy of shirt-sleeve diplomacy; and Uncle Sam can either pound the table with his fists or keep his hands in his pockets, as his fancy

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dictates. We learned that for the first time during the war, to our own ruin. We are learning it for a second time now, to our equally great disaster. Although the United States condemns the French militarism of to-day, America will do nothing serious to modify the situation. If she ever wakes up to the fact that Europe's decadence means loss and injury to herself, it will be very slowly.

However, the political evolution of the world tends irresistibly toward the supremacy of the two Anglo-Saxon Powers. Since England can never venture a war against the United States without imperiling her Dominions, she will be compelled to enter into a partnership resembling that between an old and respected business firm and a younger, more enterprising and capable branch-house that actually becomes the controlling owner. But the evolution of this Anglo-Saxon political world-trust that is destined to dominate the globe is likely to proceed at a slower pace than might have been predicted three years ago. At that time, smarting under the pain of our lost national independence, I looked upon such a development as a tragedy. To-day it seems the lesser evil, compared with the situation in which we are at present.

CHINA'S CHECKERED POLITICS

BY DAVID FRASER

[*The author is a veteran* Times *correspondent, who has spent twenty years in Asia, and ten years in Peking, as the representative of that journal for the Far East.*]

From the London *Times, April* 18
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

HERE in the West those who turn an interested eye on the mysterious happenings in the Far East find themselves greatly confused by the distant geography and the strange nomenclature.

Most incomprehensible of regions on the other side of the earth is China, with its outlying provinces thousands of miles apart, and its people so named as to defy the Occidental memory. In that distressful country certain men and certain provinces connote political associations familiar to all within it, but almost impossible of understanding by those without. To follow developments intelligently in that land one must be almost an Orientalist, or at least one who has been a dweller in the Orient and a faithful student of its peculiarities.

Nevertheless, Europe is beginning to recognize that China is one of the great factors in the world, and Europeans are looking for enlightenment about a country so huge, so populous, so rich, and therefore so inviting a field for commercial exploitation. With Europe three-quarters dead so far as trade is concerned, its industrialists are eager to find new markets, new sources of supply. They know that China year by year takes more from abroad, and year

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by year yields more. They are dimly aware that foreign trade goes little beyond the fringes of the country, that transportation is entirely disproportionate to its requirements, and that a blight of so-called militarism is retarding development.

The Washington Conference proved that the world realizes China must be preserved as an international market; and an endeavor was made to inaugurate a joint policy designed to keep the country intact and to help its people. Yet all know that the world can help China only if the Chinese help themselves. On this point there is much speculation among those interested.

The Revolution occurred more than ten years ago, when an effete dynasty was cast out. A Republic arose in its stead, and there has been time for much reconstruction. But of reconstruction there is no sign whatever. The administration is in a state of complete chaos. Railway building has been practically at a standstill. The greater part of the country to-day is misruled by military adventurers and overrun by brigands. It is merely an indication of the natural wealth of the country and of the virility of its people that, despite all obstacles, commerce continues surely to expand and social enlightenment to grow.

In some respects the Chinese seem well able to help themselves, but politically they have without doubt got themselves into a mess that has the appearance of being hopeless. Until this mess has been cleaned up no solid advancement is possible. There must be unity between the provinces, and a government that all recognize, before China again becomes a going concern.

Three leaders, Sun Yat-sen, Chang Tso-lin, and Wu Pei-fu, stand out preeminently among a host of meaningless names. All three profess irreproachable sentiments. All insist upon one united government, and in different degrees proclaim the necessity for a Parliamentary basis. Each of these men, however, represents elements that seem to be incompatible with each other. Nor is it clear how far each of them is sincere in his professions. Sun Yat-sen is vainglorious and thinks he has a mission from Heaven to restore his country to greatness. Chang Tso-lin was a brigand and is now a military satrap who has used his power to accumulate enormous personal wealth. Wu Pei-fu is a pure soldier, brilliant in that capacity, — for China, — but innocent of statesmanship and only blindly eager to rehabilitate his country.

All three are doing their utmost to increase and strengthen their armed forces; and if two show signs of a rapprochement, the alliance is an unholy one and can hardly end well, for each notoriously is cast in a different mould. These two now appear to be combining to crush the third. But there is more than a suspicion that each is endeavoring to use the other, and that if they succeed in eliminating the third party they are likely to quarrel for domination and conveniently forget their professed hopes of a joint government.

That, generally, is how the Chinese themselves see it; but one has to admit the possibility that in so reading the situation injustice is being done to men who have a patriotic end in view, however circumlocutory their methods may appear to the more straightforward foreigner.

These preliminary comments bring one to the concrete task of describing the three protagonists and the circumstances in which they are placed — no simple matter, considering the necessity to restrict the naming of places and men within the narrowest limits in order that the reader uninformed about Chinese affairs may not be overwhelmed by a multitude of details.

It is important to remember that the

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Revolution broke out at Hankow, on the Yangtze, a pivotal point in China; for, situated midway between North and South, connected by water with many of the important provinces and by rail with Peking, its strategic position is supreme. Six hundred miles to the south is Canton, capital of Kwangtung, out of which province mainly came the men and the ideas that provoked revolution against the established order. Six hundred miles to the north is Peking, once the headquarters of the Manchus, and still nominally the capital of the country, thanks largely to the foreigner, whose continued recognition of the Government there — and his comfortably established legations, which make the thought of transfer repulsive — has had a powerful influence over the course of events during the past few years.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the Manchus employed Yuan Shih-kai, whom they had previously broken because of his growing power, to organize resistance; and that worthy paid off old scores by selling them and engineering himself into the position of President of the new Republic. No sooner was Yuan established, largely through the Reorganization Loan of £25,000,000, provided through the instrumentality of the foreign Powers in 1913, than he decided to restore the Throne with himself as occupant. A rebellion broke out in Yunnan, which the Japanese, disgusted with Yuan because he did not concede the whole of their preposterous XXI Demands in 1915, financed and otherwise assisted. The Monarchy movement was defeated and Yuan died of overwork and disappointment — in one way a great loss to his country, for he stood head and shoulders above his fellows, though sorely misguided in the policy that ruined him.

There remained after the death of Yuan two principal elements, the revolutionary party in the South, in military control of several provinces, and the old Northern Army organized under the Manchus and officered by men of the old school. The heads of this army retained control of the Northern provinces, and in themselves represented the spirit of Manchu rule. They recalled the Parliament dismissed by Yuan, but soon quarrelled with it, thereby definitely splitting the country into what has since been called North and South. The North sought to conquer the South, but after two campaigns, mostly conducted in Hunan, failed decisively, principally because the Northern Army was divided into two factions, called Anhui and Chihli, and was not united in its efforts.

It was during this period that the Japanese lent enormous sums to the Northern Government, in the expectation that success would be achieved and attributed to the assistance of Japan. This sinister policy failed, and the consequences are a heavy burden of debt, which China cannot liquidate, and greatly inflated military forces, which could not have come into being but for Japanese money. Japan, in fact, is rightly charged with being largely responsible for the militarism that is now the curse of the country.

During 1918 and 1919 all endeavors to effect a settlement between North and South failed; but neither side was able to resume the struggle, the North because Japanese supplies had run dry, the South because it was financially exhausted. In the South there was the Canton Military Government, representing the provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Yunnan, Kweichow, and Szechwan.

Several of the Yangtze provinces were neutral during the struggle. The Peking Government represented about a dozen of the provinces in the North, and was more pro-Japanese than ever;

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for, although direct supplies had ceased, Japanese money continued to dribble into official hands.

The Government, indeed, was under the thumb of Japan, partly because of the outstanding debts, and partly because without Japanese countenance it was liable to collapse. The pro-Japanese officials belonged to an informal institution called the Anfu Club, and this political organization, financed by Japanese money, pulled all the strings at the Capital. Its doings provoked loud dissatisfaction throughout the country, and several of its leaders were forced out of office by public opinion, reinforced by the burning of the house of one of the offenders by infuriated students.

At this period, entered into politics Brigadier-General Wu Pei-fu, protesting against the selling of the country to the Japanese. This officer commanded a division in Hunan, peacefully confronting the Southern Army during two years of armistice. He had been steadily increasing his forces, and though originally in command of one division, in 1920 his troops aggregated about four divisions. His superior officer was Tsao Kun, Tuchun of Chihli, and head of the Chihli faction.

The Peking Government was controlled by the Anhui party, largely transfused into the Anfu Club. In the summer of 1920, Wu Pei-fu moved north into Chihli Province with the avowed object of destroying the pro-Japanese Government. In one attack he defeated the Anfu army near Peking; and it is significant that the forces, armed, equipped, and paid with Japanese money, and trained by Japanese instructors, melted away at the first onset — a sad blow to the Japanese General Staff, whose policy of years was utterly confounded. From then until now a dozen of the Anfu leaders have been in sanctuary in the Japanese Legation in Peking, with a large price upon their heads.

Wu Pei-fu probably would not have ventured upon his crusade but for the fact that Chang Tso-lin, Tuchun of Fengtien Province in Manchuria, took the Chihli side in this affair and brought troops into the field, which took a minor share in the operations. After the victory, however, it was Chang Tso-lin who occupied Peking and reformed the Government.

From this time onward Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu have been political rivals. Chang Tso-lin was promoted Inspector-General of the three Manchurian provinces of Fengtien, Kirin, and Heilungkiang, and Wu Pei-fu was awarded a minor appointment. Chang Tso-lin occupied Peking with a division and stationed two brigades in the near neighborhood. Wu Pei-fu retired to a camp at Loyang, near the point where the Peking-Hankow Railway crosses the Yellow River. Chang Tso-lin's career indicates that he is an autocrat by temperament.

Wu Pei-fu all along has advocated a National Convention and government on a popular basis. His ambition is to make his country strong enough to resist Japanese aggression. Chang Tso-lin, on the other hand, is compelled to bow to the Japanese, who have been dominant in South Manchuria since the Russo-Japanese War. Since the assertion of his power in Peking, Chang Tso-lin has repeatedly reformed the Government, without successful result. Liang Shih-yi, whom he appointed Premier in December, has been driven to take leave by the threats of Wu Pei-fu, and is now waiting developments at Tientsin. Wu Pei-fu for months past has been animadverting against the Government in Peking, and indirectly discrediting the Mukden War Lord.

If Wu Pei-fu makes good his words,

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he is bound to take action in the near future. Chang Tso-lin is preparing to defend his position; hence the recent movements of troops recorded in the press. North China is evidently too small to hold both personages, and war between them has seemed inevitable for a long time past. Were the Chinese as other people, — that is, more pugnacious and less pacific in disposition, — they would have been at each other's throats long ago.

Far away in South China is Sun Yat-sen, temporarily President early in the Revolution, and since, with intervals, leader of the Southern Government. The Canton Military Government broke up in 1920, and the five provinces concerned drifted apart.

The next year, however, Sun Yat-sen, assisted by General Chen Chiung-ming, a product of the Revolution, recovered control of Kwangtung, and formed a new Government at Canton, without the adherence of the other four Southern provinces. Kwangtung then successfully fought the adjoining province of Kwangsi, thereby giving Canton control of both provinces. Sun Yat-sen has since projected the invasion of the North, and is now actually in Kwangsi with a considerable force. He professes to have the adherence of Yunnan, Kweichow, and Szechwan in this enterprise, but there is so much confusion in those provinces that it is difficult to believe them capable of pursuing any external policy.

Sun Yat-sen naturally endeavored to get into touch with Wu Pei-fu with a view to jointly opposing Chang Tso-lin. The two were never able to come to terms, and Wu Pei-fu, by crushing a Hunan movement inspired by Canton, has incurred the enmity of Sun Yat-sen. Sun Yat-sen therefore finds Wu Pei-fu blocking his road to the North. Chang Tso-lin, on the other hand, perceives in Wu Pei-fu an obstacle to his own domination of the North.

Chang Tso-lin and Sun Yat-sen, therefore, are supposed to have allied themselves with a view to destroying Wu Pei-fu. Chang Tso-lin's present movement of troops into Chihli is forcing Wu Pei-fu to bring his troops away from the Hunan-Hupeh border at Yochow to his base at the Yellow River. If this manœuvre is successful, Sun Yat-sen's road will be clear to Hankow (composed of the triple cities of Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang), where it is the immediate object of the Southerners to set up a new Government of the South, preliminary to a settlement with the Peking Government.

Wu Pei-fu thus has Sun Yat-sen at his back and Chang Tso-lin in front, and it remains to be seen whether he will advance and give battle to Chang Tso-lin or succumb to the pressure being put upon him.

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PERSONAL MEMORIES OF TENNYSON. III

BY MRS. WARRE CORNISH

From the *London Mercury, January*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

FARRINGFORD was never forsaken; but as early as 1870 the Tennysons retired, before the summer invasion of Freshwater, to their new solitude on Blackdown. Beautiful Aldworth, built in a clearing of the wooded hillside, approached by a rough, sandy road from a vast heath-common above the house one mile off, remains secluded even now. The post office was three miles distant. The terraces overlooked the wooded champaign of Surrey and Sussex, four hundred feet below. Here Mrs. Tennyson, with the consummate art of silent housewifery, made another home. Indeed, it may be said that the true history of Aldworth is bound up with the poet's wife.

Ten years before her marriage, in the days of maturity after first womanhood, Emily Sellwood enforced a long parting with Alfred Tennyson, because their marriage must have deprived a beloved mother of her son's share of the impoverished family inheritance. Poetry was an artistic purpose in Mrs. Tennyson's eyes, rather than a profession, and she viewed that no man could trust to it as a support for wife and family. Her health failed in the bleak climate of her Lincolnshire home, and she was only saved from decline by an outdoor life at sunny Farnham, in Surrey. Hindhead and Blackdown became then the hills of her vision. And now she chose a spot on Blackdown whence Tennyson could 'look down from a height on a large portion of the England he loved and pace the sunny terraces,' as Aubrey de Vere described.

But all was not sunshine and view at Aldworth. The autumn sets in early and chill on Blackdown, and the windows were often shrouded in white mist, which blotted out the landscape. Mrs. Tennyson's old-fashioned robustness of character, which was the soul of her delicate frame, came to her help in the wilderness that was Blackdown.

'My husband must have quiet for his work,' she would say, half apologetically, about the seclusion of Freshwater in the early days. But at Aldworth she welcomed the nearer access to old friends in London. And soon she hailed the rise of the dramatic phase of Tennyson's creation. There was a yearly season in town, and a house taken in London for about two months of earliest spring; and, to quote Aubrey de Vere again: 'The men the most noted of their time, year after year, statesmen, warriors, men of letters, science, and art, some of royal race, some famous in far lands, but none more welcome to him than the friends of his youth, met and listened to the music of Tennyson's talk and reading.' This was both in London and at Aldworth.

On this hierarchy, reminiscence hardly dares to dwell, but a few impressions gather about the events of this period. There was in '74 a theatrical visit with Annie Thackeray and the boys to see *Hamlet* played by Irving at the Lyceum. There was a visit of

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Irving to the box after the performance and a conversation about the acting. 'You are a good actor lost,' Irving said to Tennyson, as she reported. My next memory of the Lyceum is the production of *Queen Mary*, with Irving as Philip of Spain, in 1876 — a great success. Alfred was not in the theatre, to the disappointment of my friend, William Johnson, who was present in the hope, as he wrote, of seeing

> Tennyson's forehead looking ideal from the shrine under the gas; one old faithful admirer should be there to go along with all the fine thoughts. He may have changed, but I am not as far as concerns the pride I take in my mother tongue ever since he glorified it.

The Falcon and *The Cup* were to follow on the stage, and *Becket*, of which Irving said it was 'one of the most successful plays produced by himself.' But memory leads not categorically: mine darts off to a cottage in Freshwater Bay, where there were pleasant lodgings in a fisherman's family, and many photographs by Mrs. Cameron; and Tennyson called to get news of William Johnson; letters and criticisms of his were handed about by Arthur Coleridge and other Eton friends. His *Ionica* contained the witty answer to critics, *After Reading Maud*. But in his letters W. J., like FitzGerald, was given to querulousness, and the only comment I remember on random remarks of hostility to the new rôle of poet-dramatist was, 'Is the man mad?'

But though at the time we were all much more full of Hugo and Marion Delorme and Ruy Blas and the Théâtre Français than of *Queen Mary* and *Becket* and the Lyceum Theatre, who shall not say now that Tennyson was right to follow his inspiration and insist with the critics on his vocation to interpret England in drama? Does not *Harold* stand for us to-day as the most living bit of English story? And *Becket* and *The Foresters* long kept the charm of freshness and inspiration for a great American public.

Many must remember with me the brilliant success — the completest Tennyson ever had on the stage — of *The Cup*. Ellen Terry played and became his warm friend and adviser for the stage. Under her auspices he wrote a village tragedy called *The Promise of May*, but it was a disaster. Its hero was a freethinker drawn into crime by his communistic theories. The poet had to meet a storm. The play was called a tract. The critics asked angrily why our English Laureate resided mentally in a backwater of thought; a marquis stood up in the theatre and interrupted one of the performances to protest against the attack on free thought, which he represented. The play was withdrawn after five weeks' ill-luck. It was in the *Daily News* that Lionel Tennyson answered the critics in a very reflective and moderate way, and pointed out that there was a good deal more subtlety in Edgar's character than was given credit for.

Lionel Tennyson, the poet's second son, was naturally reserved in character; he looms large in my memories of the poet, and some portrait of him as he stood rather conspicuously in London in the eighties must be attempted here. His defense of *The Promise of May* was a trait of the usually silent converse enjoyed with his father, broken only at need.

Lionel was the last of the Tennysons of the Somersby race, who wrote verse from their infancy and wore the Southern looks which were the never-explained inheritence of their generation. In childhood he accompanied song with dance, his mother told me, and it suggests the impulse of a Greek of old. As a boy he spoke of his summer walks with his father after the early dinner, in twilight or under the stars.

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He was the sportsman of the family. When he visited Turgenev in Paris, the great Russian had stayed at Aldworth, and henceforth kept a lasting memory of the Laureate. Shooting was the only topic mentioned between Lionel and the novelist, and their discourse was long of partridge shooting in Cambridgeshire and quail shooting in Russia, an episode whereof the details were only extracted by minute inquiry. Lionel was incapable of embellishing a story; his most remarkable quality was, I think, an uncompromising truthfulness in every word and act. Though he had a strong sense of humor and a poet's imagination, he would spoil a good story rather than not describe events exactly as they occurred. It was remarkable that in the imposing and academic circle of his father in London he followed his own bent entirely, in reading as in choice of friends and occupations, and he was never guided by the fashion of the hour. In figure he was very tall, lean, and slightly stooping. He had excelled at Eton in football. But English as was his careless carriage, his dark hair and eyes, chiseled brows and nose, dignified pose of head, and above all, a pensive expression such as we see on the countenances painted by El Greco, suggested Spanish descent. These traits were very marked in boyhood in Lionel Tennyson's eyes and mouth. The beardless bust in Poets' Corner by Woolner has the expressive pathos of which I speak.

Lionel had the perceptive humor of his race; he had a stammer which gave additional point to his dictums. He said of a society architect, 'His doors and windows shut well, but there is always a chink by which he can get in,' or 'Society at —— is small; people either hate each other so much or love each other so much that you hear of nothing but A. and B.'

After leaving Cambridge he passed high into the India Office. He was conspicuous for his kindness to natives, and took pains to open his home in Sussex Place, Regent's Park, to young Indians who happened to be in England. It was said that no one knew more about India in the office. A proof of this was the *Blue Book on India*, written by him by request of the Minister, who praised it as a model of vigorous style and condensation. In society Lionel was well fitted to represent the Laureate, for he had a good flair for obscure characters of worth. A Cambridge friend of his, who became famous for forty years as correspondent of the *Times* in the Balkans, told me that he owed everything to Lionel's encouragement at a time when the future traveler was regarded as a classic *manqué* in the scholastic world.

An invitation from Lord Dufferin to Lionel and Eleanor — his young wife, the daughter of Frederick Locker — brought the early close of a good public career; for seizing what he regarded as the great opportunity of his life, in making acquaintance with India, Lionel left a social life for arduous traveling, and when he caught fever in the jungles of Assam, where he found sport, he succumbed to the disease. He was put on board ship in the hope that sea air would save him. He longed to land and see the scenery of Ceylon. But he had to sail on; and then he fixed his hope on the breezes of the Solent and his island home, but the furnace heat of the Red Sea brought death. His body was buried at sea. 'He had the sweetest smile I ever knew, the high, sweet smile of Lancelot,' wrote one who received his last farewell at Calcutta.

Six years were allotted to Tennyson to mourn his son, — as fathers mourn, silently for the rest of their lives, — but his feelings found expression in that singular poem, *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*. Lionel is commemorated in the beautiful lines: —

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Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being
true as he was brave;
Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he
look'd beyond the grave,
Wiser there than you, that crowning barren
Death as lord of all,
Deem this overtragic drama's closing curtain is
the pall!
Beautiful was death in him. . . .

As I devoured the poem that year-end of Lionel's death (1886), how astonished I was to find in the new *Locksley Hall* a veritable explosion in the form of a lovely metric attack on modern science and life! And what an uproar and condemnation of the Laureate followed! He had just been made a peer; he was surrounded by Huxley, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Gladstone, and all the great believers in progress of his time. What wonder that the best critics praised the verse, but condemned the sentiments of the poem. Yet to-day we may, as so often with Tennyson, turn round upon the critics and ask after thirty-five years: Has n't the poem some historical importance? Nihilism and Bolshevism are not exaggeratedly described in the jeremiad of the new *Locksley Hall*, though it was, of course, never meant as a prophecy, but as a dramatic impersonation of an emotional poet who had once eagerly hailed the new age.

He condemned 'Zolaism.' In talks he quoted Walt Whitman as showing an opposite spirit to Zola in spite of his 'nakedness of expression.' 'There is no immorality in Walt Whitman. The most indecent things are those where there is only insinuation of indecency. As in painting or sculpture, the wholly nude need suggest no impropriety at all. The suggestion of impropriety is the really vicious thing. But the British workingman does n't understand the nude as the ancient Greeks did, and it may be a mistake to exhibit it on the walls of the Academy.'

Tennyson could be very open in talk with men. Earlier in his career he took an optimistic view of the powers of progress of mankind. The procreation of children was a subject, he held, to which sufficient importance and attention had not been given. But, needless to say, in sexual matters his conclusions were that higher ideals, fewer suggestions of base instincts, were wanted.

'More harm can be done through bad literature than through anything else; the terrible thing is that man, being higher than the beast, can, through the fact of his intellect, make himself infinitely lower than the beast.'

Memories trickle on like a mountain-rill past Nature's great catastrophes and stay at the smallest things; and at my next meeting with Tennyson I was in a bath-chair. It was the New Year of '87.

'What is the matter with you?' was his direct and very kind greeting in the bay, and with great interest to my nurse, who carried a library book: 'What are you reading?' It was *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, by Walter Besant. 'A very good novel.' Tennyson pronounced it 'novell,' and read one with a pipe every evening before bed.

He was walking at the time up the beach in the bay with Father Haythornthwaite, the Jesuit, a warm friend of later years, resident priest at W. G. Ward's House at Freshwater Gate. I watched the two men talk as they came up the bay, and the deprecating smile on the Jesuit's face as the poet now and again faced him, probably with some knotty point of dogma put to the sound of the beating waves.

Tennyson at all times delighted in his Catholic friends. To Sir John Simeon, of Swainston, in the Isle of Wight, he opened the recesses of his heart; to Sir John's daughter, Mrs. Richard Ward, constantly at Farringford, I have heard him put terrific questionings of the

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Faith to receive her breathless answer — for instance, about the Incarnation: 'It does indeed seem wonderful, but I believe it.' Wilfred Ward, at the time of which I write, was the only young man with whom Tennyson could talk metaphysics; he mourned that even at Cambridge metaphysics were out of fashion. With all these friends he took the unorthodox line.

But it was another friend in the Isle of Wight, the frequent companion of his thoughts in later years, who bore witness to an opposite mood. He never allowed her to be skeptical! He was like Dr. Johnson in orthodoxy with his friend Mary Brotherton, the novelist. She said he never let a doubting word pass from her lips without rebuke! Tennyson was subject from time to time to moods that trouble the mind, not temperamentally, merely, but intellectually. Under the cloud, no authority, no pleading could help him; only his own thought brought relief. Such thought finds utterance in reflections scattered up and down the *Memoir*, an inexhaustible and living store. Memory of friends can only confirm that the cardinal point of Tennyson's philosophy and religion was survival after death. Of such survival he had even a definite word: 'My idea of Heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another.'

Tennyson's kindness in illness was full of thought; he brought Mary Anderson to see me, a gladdening visit, as he intended. But it was from Mrs. Brotherton that I heard most of his growing thoughtfulness for friends, and also of many of his communings at this time.

Mary Brotherton's door at Freshwater Gate never failed to admit the poet on his return from London or Aldworth, whatever the changes in his life and the ups and downs of his spirit. It was the door of a low farmhouse, with one attic story above a long, low-raftered sitting-room. She and Mr. Brotherton, an artist, settled here after life in Italy. They had known Frederick Tennyson, at Florence, and the Brownings. A reminiscence of Mrs. Browning was in the round table and the custom of moving it mesmerically and listening for its knockings when a sympathetic friend or two came to the cottage. Horatio Tennyson, when in the island, questioned the Brothertons' table. And on more than one occasion Alfred hovered rather wistfully, waiting for results which never came. Once it was after the sudden death of Matthew Arnold. The blow had fallen sadly on Tennyson, for he had looked to Arnold as his successor in the Laureateship. The natural man craved for a message from the dead in the cottage of his friend, where it would be safe from reporters. Mrs. Brotherton was one of the best of letter-writers. Her health permitted her no other writing, her income allowed her no traveling or change; it was this quiet life which Tennyson cheered by his friendship.

The poet once appeared alone on his return from Aldworth with a query, 'What do you think they are going to do to me?' His friends from his tone hardly knew whether the answer was to be a condolence or not. 'They are going to make me a lord.' He went on and enumerated his reasons for refusing the honor at first. 'Is it not like putting a coronet on the head of a skull?' 'My sisters say I shall have to pay more for my wine.' The poet was right in the resistance he offered Mr. Gladstone's wish. In those days a Laureate was looked upon as the people's possession. The Radicals did not like his peerage. Tennyson received anonymous letters and said to Mrs. Brotherton, 'I seem to live in an atmosphere of hate.' His old shepherd on the farm and downs at Freshwater expressed his satisfaction to Mrs. Brotherton with these words:

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'What a headpiece that man has got! What do he not know? And he don't *look* it, neither. He don't seem to have no pride.'

A serious illness in 1888 left Tennyson looking aged — up to this time 'not a single gray hair.' We were reading *Demeter and Other Poems* in 1889. *Crossing the Bar* was in that volume. It had come to the poet — 'in a minute,' as he said — as he crossed the Solent to reach Farringford after illness at Aldworth. His nurse had asked him to write a hymn. *Crossing the Bar* was never retouched.

For memories of the poet's eightieth birthday I rely on my sister's, Miss Ritchie's, recollections: —

I had seen him so ill in the spring of 1889 that I feared no more poetry would be read to me; but when I drove over from Chiddingfold in the afternoon of his eightieth birthday, the sixth of August, he took me into his study and read *The Gleam*.

It was a happiness, an unexpected one, to hear it; the freshness of the inspiration and the novelty of the metre in which he set forth the course of his poetic life seemed so wonderful.

Anyone who knows the poem will understand how moving it was to hear Tennyson read it — Merlin himself speaking: —

> 'I am Merlin, and I am dying,
> I am Merlin who follow the Gleam.'

And that reference to his illness: —

> 'Old and weary,
> But eager to follow,
> . . . And can no longer,
> But die rejoicing,
> For through the Magic
> Of Him the Mighty,
> Who taught me in childhood,
> There on the border
> Of boundless ocean,
> And all but in Heaven
> Hovers the Gleam.'

Tennyson was to recover vigor and live and write for three years more. But *The Gleam* stands as his farewell to the strong artistic purpose of his life. Yet *The Death of Œnone* was to be written and *Akbar's Dream*. Long walks at Freshwater were resumed, on 'High Down,' and to watch the winter seas and whirling flocks of gulls beneath 'High Cliff.' And in the sunny bay I remember the poet with a verse or rhyme for each friend or child who passed in the morning hour: —

> Good morning, May,
> May you never be June,

for the ever-loved May, once May Prinsep, as she stood in the green porch of Mrs. Cameron's door.

This was now rented by Douglas Freshfield; he was a favorite companion of Tennyson ever since his early Caucasian mountain-climbing. The poet in talk with the future President of the Geographical Society reminded me of the Celt of old who compelled the traveler to relate wonders new. An unforgettable conversation was in the Alps, when, over the wine in a chalet, Tennyson, in response to Freshfield, enumerated the best waterfalls he had seen and characterized them till we saw them and seemed to *hear* them in the music of his voice. It was with Douglas Freshfield now that in 1891, in late autumn, I heard *The Death of Œnone* read by the poet at Farringford. He asked me how I liked it; when I replied with warmth that I liked it better even than the first *Œnone*, he said, 'Why?' and scrutinized me with his magnetic eyes, as if he doubted my sincerity. He was surely a great master of intercourse, for, high as was his standard of truth and integrity, he could allow for the sympathetic impulse outrunning the critical in a woman. Œnone's death, as I told him, must have a strong charm for a wife as an example of Indian suttee to end parting: —

> And all at once
> The morning light of happy marriage broke
> Through all the clouded gloom of widowhood,
> And muffling up her comely head and crying
> 'Husband!' she leapt upon the funeral pile
> And mixed herself with *Him* and passed in fire.

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For the last reading I quote my sister: —

The last poem I heard him read was *Akbar's Dream* — the sound of his voice was still grand, and the *Hymn to the Sun* was magnificent. During the last summer he was too ailing for any reading and, on one or two occasions, even for conversation; but on the last day I ever saw him he was in force and as delightful as ever, quoting long passages with an unfaltering memory. He was wearing his black velvet skullcap, leaning back on his large study sofa, looking grand and serene in a moment of freedom from physical misery.

On the dreaded day when we had to realize he was no longer to be amongst us, the uppermost feeling through all the grief was thanksgiving that his soul should be spared further conflict with the failing body — that this great spirit should leave us undimmed. — E. M. R.'s *Journal.*

Lady Tennyson had never in the course of her long married years with the poet come forward with any public utterance. But when, after his death, some discussion of his place of burial was necessary, for the reason that the floor of Westminster Abbey was found to be wholly occupied and filled with the dead, she wrote to the Dean a letter that was printed in the *Times* — the most helpful, as well as the most eloquent, that woman could pen. It was dated from Aldworth, where Tennyson died: —

Decide as you think best. Only let him have the flag of England upon his coffin and rest in the churchyard of the dear place where his happiest days have been passed. Only let the flag represent the feeling of the nation and the Empire he loved so well.

Her own body rests beside the Yar beneath Freshwater Church, on the river side of the churchyard. There, too, rest the remains of her grandson Harold, who was killed in the destroyer Viking by the German submarine; and on the grave is commemorated his brother Aubrey, whose body rests in Flanders.

THE PANTHEIST

BY ADRIAN BURY

[*New Witness*]

LET the wind be my brother for a while,
The old oak tree may know me as a friend,
The fallow fields for many a treasured mile
Their rich brown bodies with my own may blend;
The bird atremble in the winter sky,
The cattle sprawling in the cold wet field
May feel a summer passion from my eye,
The love and constancy my heart can yield.
I am the lover who delights to give,
And for no hot requital do I burn.
In Nature's silent bosom would I live,
For her sweet beauty I must ever yearn;
And solitary spend my strength and light,
Even as a star within the breast of night.

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FRANCE AND ISLAM

BY H. E. WORTHAM

[*The existence of discontent among the natives of North Africa, partly instigated by Bolshevist agitators and partly spontaneous, has not been hidden from the French people. Several allusions to these conditions have appeared in the Paris press. Nor is the spirit of revolt confined to Tunis and Algiers. Sullen protest against White rule is showing itself from Cochin China to Madagascar, where courses in French history in the public schools are said to have been suspended, lest the account of the French Revolution suggest dangerous thoughts to the natives.*]

From the *Outlook, April* 22
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

The French President's carefully stage-managed North African visit is surely designed to impress upon the world the position of France as the only European Power which is secure in the devotion of its Moslem subjects. While we have our troubles in Egypt, India, and in Palestine, while Italy has a precarious hold on the Tripolitan littoral, while the Spaniards are being defied by the tribesmen of the Riff, M. Millerand is motoring through Morocco, and is afterward to motor through Algeria, greeted everywhere by enthusiastic crowds of loyal natives. There are to be no untoward incidents, such as marked certain portions of the Prince's tour in India, no hartals, no troublesome nationalist agitators. We are only to read of the universally expressed 'devotion to France' and the unanimity of interests that inspires governors and governed. Other empires may be 'crumbling'; that of France stands firm as the rock, as befits the nation that imposes its policy upon Europe.

It is good propaganda. But we should be careful not to jump to conclusions. There is probably no Moslem country on which English opinion is worse informed than Algeria — unless it be Tunis. Even the special correspondent — unless he goes there to write up motoring — gives it a wide berth. Thus we have got into the habit, sedulously fostered by our French friends, of regarding Algeria as a part of France, — which technically it is, — and we should no more dream of looking for nationalist anti-French feeling in the department of Constantine than in that of Seine-et-Oise. Indeed, Englishmen, whose most cherished belief ten years ago was that we, and we alone, had learned the secret of dealing with Mohammedan peoples and subject races generally, can now be heard arguing that the methods of France toward her Moslem subjects are far more successful than ours, and instance the perpetual calm that reigns in French North Africa as compared with the chronic unrest in Egypt.

The truth is that the French governing clique is profoundly disturbed about the situation in Algeria and Tunis; in Morocco there is less reason for anxiety, since the country is still administered by the great feudal chieftains who do not object to the French Protectorate so long as they are left free in their relations with their followers. The other Protectorate, Tunis, is in a highly unsatisfactory condition. The Tunisian extremists are said to be

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in close contact with Stamboul, and the propinquity of the Senussi helps to stiffen Islamic feeling amongst the lower classes.

French observers testify to the 'revolutionary spirit' that is abroad, and express satisfaction that at last a 'strong' policy is being put into effect. The Tunisian Government has been forced to act very much as we have in Egypt; it has been found necessary to exercise a strict control over the native press, and any paper preaching sedition is suspended. If the unrest were confined to Tunis there would not be so much reason for anxiety. But Algeria itself, the foundation of the imposing fabric of empire the French have built in Africa, is contaminated. The Mohammedan population is showing a spirit which, if it continues to develop, will mean the end of the French domination in North Africa.

French policy in Algeria at one time aimed at the colonization of the country by immigrants from France. This has failed; for to-day, while the total population is over five millions, only 620,000 of these are Europeans, and of the Europeans only 278,000 are of pure French extraction. Added to this, the Mohammedans, mainly Berbers, are increasing far more rapidly than the colonists, at the rate of no less than 60,000 a year. So long as the natives were content to remain in the condition of a subject race, the numerical superiority did not so much matter. But their agitation for better treatment resulted in a change of policy which was embodied in the law of 1919. This enfranchised the Berbers, and resulted in the swamping of the 140,000 French electors by nearly half a million natives.

Had the Moslem population, as French journalists would have us believe, been Gallicized, and were it thoroughly loyal to France, this would not have mattered. But in spite of the efforts France has made to attract the sympathies of the world of Islam, shown in various ways, — some praiseworthy, as in the provision of a Mosque and Moslem Institutes in Paris, others less reputable, as in posing as the friend of Islam in contrast to the equivocal attitude of our Government, — she has not even succeeded in winning over the North African Berbers, who remain nationalist, xenophobe, or whatever label you choose to attach to the frame of mind which shows itself in a disinclination to accept the rule of a foreign race.

The result of the law of 1919 has been to create a definitely nationalist party, as definitely anti-French as the Egyptian nationalists are anti-British. The movement, as in Egypt, is headed by the wealthy native landowners and the educated middle-class, the lawyers, doctors, and native officials, whose joint lead the uneducated masses naturally follow. It appeals to the prejudices and appetites of all classes. The native capitalists hope to gain from the ending of French sovereignty, just as the Egyptian Pashas expect to profit by the removal of British control in the administration; those who look to an official career eagerly support the demand for the complete assimilation of the status of native to French officials; the agriculturists look for the application of the same law to all, native and European alike; and the town mobs cry that the disciplinary powers of the French administrators must be swept away. So strong has this movement become that even in the Departments of Algiers and Constantine anti-French candidates have been returned, displacing the old Moslem representatives who were thought to be too much under French influence.

Trouble is made in various ways: in the towns, by means of strikes, Communist propaganda (the Native North

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African Proletariat through its representative adhered to the Third International at the Tours Congress), demonstrations, and the methods with which we are so familiar; in the country districts, the natives are all armed, and though efforts have been made to call in all arms they have met with scant success. Public security in the provinces is not so good as in Egypt. The local French officials with their reduced powers are unable to cope with the situation. In Oran nine tenths of the crime goes unpunished, and Oran is not peculiar. The French colonists are selling their lands in disgust, and their places are being taken by Berbers, thus hastening the decline of French influence and prestige.

But we need not continue the story. Enough has been said to prove that the loyalty of the North African natives to France is not so secure as some believe — that *la France de la Victoire* can in her strength boast no immunity in North Africa from the unrest which has afflicted Egypt and other Islamic countries. Her plight is in reality far graver than ours. We have never pretended in Egypt to do more than administer the country until such time as the Egyptians reached the happy state of being able to do it for themselves. France has undertaken to make Algeria a part of herself, and she has failed. The Berbers have refused to become French Citizens, and the old particularist North African spirit, which even Rome was unable to overcome, is now cropping up again as determined as ever. We can leave Egypt and be the stronger for it. But the whole scheme of French world-policy, resting on military might, depends on the help that her African Empire can give. And now Algeria, of which it is the corner stone, is becoming anti-French!

A STAGGERING CIVILIZATION

* * *

From *Le Correspondant, April* 10
(Liberal Catholic Semi-Monthly)

Every traveler brings back from Germany the ideas that he takes there with him. The Germans are not a self-revealing nation. They have always been reserved and obstinately defiant of investigation. Germany often does not comprehend herself. She rarely takes the pains to explain herself, and if she does, never succeeds. Consequently, the traveler in Germany is in great danger of being deceived by appearances — for instance, by the smoking factory-chimneys that are in most countries a symbol of prosperity and contentment.

The few notes that I have brought back from my recent sojourn in Germany do not presume to be final or indisputable. There can be nothing final in a country that is obviously in a state of rapid evolution toward new forms. There can be nothing indisputable in an

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attempt to condense within a few lines the sentiment and condition of sixty million human beings.

My claim to attention rests on something else. It is justified by the fact that I shall describe a contrast, and the most abrupt contrast conceivable, from my personal experience. I left Berlin on the evening of the first of August, 1914. The order for a general mobilization was being published in front of the Anhalt railway station. The train was crowded with soldiers hastening to the colors. I returned one snowy morning eight years later. As I emerged from the station, I had the impression for just a moment that nothing had changed, that the world had stood still for eight years. The same tramcars bore the same numbers; the same shops had the same signs; the same people were hurrying hither and thither on the same errands.

That was but a passing impression. A person who knew the old Germany thoroughly could not be deceived. The Germany of to-day is entirely different. The façade is still standing, although fractured and unstable, but the space behind it is empty.

That is the contrast I am about to describe. It is not my purpose to blame or to extenuate. I propose simply to report.

Every nation has certain essential, fundamental traits that form its character and, in a way, constitute its purpose of existence. A nation that has lost these qualities is like salt that has lost its savor.

What were the qualities of the Germans? They were not preëminent for individual intelligence, elegance of manner, or imagination. Their virtues were peculiarly collective virtues: energy, honesty, and above all esprit de corps, that feeling of solidarity that can bestow extraordinary efficiency upon a group of comparatively mediocre individuals. For a time, Germany possessed these collective virtues in a higher degree than any other country in the world.

The war and its privations, and above all military defeat, have acted like powerful and destructive solvents upon these excellent qualities. Germany has become intensely individual. The difficulty of making a living, the instability of values and with them of moral standards, the distress begotten of defeat and revolution have made every German the competitor, the adversary, and almost the enemy of every other German. We encounter this trait in domestic politics, where it is very marked. It also manifests itself prominently in all community relations. Enter a tramcar or a bus in Berlin. You will see people elbow others roughly out of the way, even wounded men and cripples. Try to make a general appeal to a group of Germans on any issue, and you will discover no collective reaction. Every man goes his own way. One evening, at 10 P. M., the employees of the street railways in Berlin coolly told their passengers that they were going on strike and would run into the barns without finishing their routes. There was not a single instance, among the thousands and thousands of people who were traveling at that hour, where the passengers on a car had enough solidarity to take matters into their own hands, and to insist that the motorman and conductor carry them to their destination. These passengers simply got out, cursing and protesting like a lot of sheep. Some of them found themselves at that late hour of the night set down helplessly several miles from their homes.

This lack of solidarity, so striking in such a nation, carries with it a marked relaxation of moral standards. Before the war, Germany was, with a very few exceptions, a country of honest people.

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You might be cheated anywhere, but you were least likely to be cheated in Germany. To-day quite the reverse is true. In a restaurant you must count your change carefully. In a hotel you must check up your bill. Moreover, nothing has a fixed price. The haphazard fluctuations of the currency have been fatal to precision in business transactions. The gap between a person's income and the cost of living varies widely. Honesty, in the case of most men, is conditioned by a certain stable relation between temptations and moral convictions. In defeated Germany this relation has become extremely unstable; moreover, moral convictions have been undermined.

The only moral effort of which Germany still seems capable is her effort to forget. Incredible as it may seem, especially to a Frenchman, the German people have forgotten the war.

It is often said that the Germans do not admit they were defeated. That opinion is due to a verbal misunderstanding. The truth is there are two ideas in Germany as to the outcome of the war: the first, held by Radicals and Socialists, is that the revolution was the result of military defeat; the second, held by Conservatives and Reactionaries, is that the defeat was a result of the revolution. The vital point is: Were the military leaders really responsible for the revolution, or were the Socialists really responsible for the defeat? Neither party denies that Germany was defeated; that fact is too evident to everyone to be questioned.

This controversy is of purely domestic importance. It is an absurd error to imagine that it plays any part in international affairs. No German disputes the fact that his country was beaten in the war. The price of bread, the weight of taxes, the tramway strike I have just mentioned are too obvious reminders of that fact. On the other hand, while the Germans do not deny their defeat, they are doing their best to forget it. For them, the war was a nightmare. They look back to it as an era of privation, mortification, and disappointment, culminating in a bitter disillusionment, — in the most bitter and painful disillusionment conceivable, — the feeling that all their suffering was in vain, was an absolute loss without any compensation. The human mind naturally shrinks from dwelling on such thoughts as these. Germans have made a tremendous effort to forget them. That effort has succeeded. To-day oblivion has come, a trifle artificial, affected, and superficial, perhaps, but none the less a sedative oblivion.

William II is forgotten. During my entire stay in Germany I did not once hear his name mentioned. Possibly his memory survives in some hearts. Here and there one still sees his bust or statue; for there is not a nation in the world less iconoclastic than the Germans. The big marble statue of William I still adorns the great Reichstag building. The countless Hohenzollerns of Siegesallee are still intact. The names of the streets have not been changed. Even the butter plates in the Hotel Bristol still have the imperial eagle. But the loyalty of a nation does not consist in these trifles. It is a vital sentiment. That sentiment no longer exists in Germany. The people make fun of Ebert. But they recognize that a man does not need to be born on a throne to sign laws and ordinances. To be sure, my observations were confined principally to Berlin, and may not be equally true of the rural districts. Indeed, the people of Berlin, contrary to the popular idea, were never Loyalists. An Alsatian peasant, who fought throughout the war with a Berlin regiment, recently said to me: 'I always respected the people of Berlin, because

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they never respected their officers and officials.'

The war has been forgotten — even its victories and brighter episodes. Listen to the conversation of old officers on the train or in waiting-rooms and hotels. They talk of the weather, of literature, of food, of the state of exchange, but rarely, indeed, do they dwell upon their experiences in service.

What is still more incredible, Germany has forgotten her dead. I do not mean that families have forgotten their individual losses, although the Germans were never inclined to dwell upon private grief to the same extent as many other nations. I refer to organized public reverence and respect for those who fell in the war. I made an automobile tour of several hundred miles through Northern Germany, in the course of which I saw but two monuments to fallen soldiers. How many would I have counted in France, traveling the same distance? At a trade-union meeting I was told that Germany had an excess of labor to-day. When I remarked in astonishment: 'Your war losses?' the reply was: 'Oh, their places were filled long ago.'

Germany's ability to forget is unbounded, and perhaps that is one of the profoundest causes of her inability to comprehend France, and of our inability to comprehend her. France cherished the memory of 1870 in her heart for forty-four years. If necessary, she would have guarded that memory for a century. And Germany, during that whole period, knew nothing of our feelings. To-day the rôles are reversed, but the situation remains the same. Germany has forgotten her defeat as easily as she forgot her victory. And she utterly fails to appreciate the rancor that gnawed all these years at the heart of France.

Even when two nations meet on the same sentimental grounds — which is not true of France and Germany — it is often difficult for them to appreciate each other's motives. The reason is very simple. Each nation is absorbed in its domestic policies, while it views the affairs of its neighbor from the standpoint of foreign policy. Its press explains the fall of Venizelos, the return of King Constantine, the defeat of Wilson, the Fascisti riots in Italy, as the result of international European conditions — or at least as the result of facts and conditions familiar to the people of Europe in general. Now the truth is precisely the reverse of this. Conditions and motives that are understood by the public of other countries are never the cause of domestic political crises. Instead, they are the results of such crises, and often the merely accidental results.

The Germans, after a revolution incited from without, and undertaken against their wish and practically without their participation, because they were misled by President Wilson, almost immediately became absorbed again in their domestic controversies, which were tremendously aggravated by their new Government and the conditions prevailing in their country. In spite of their superficial appearance of moral unity, the German peoples have always been profoundly divided among themselves. Personal rivalries, masked but not suppressed by court etiquette, were one of the curses of the Imperial Administration. Of every three Cabinet officers there were always two who would not speak to each other. The quarrels between Tirpitz and Bethmann-Hollweg were an epic in their time. The situation remains the same to-day. Personal controversies occupy the foreground of political discussion and they are the more embittered because they have so little to do with general policies and principles. People abroad fancy that Germany is hanging

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with bated breath upon the decision regarding Reparations. A tremendous illusion! The Germans are mainly interested just at present in the political duel between Rathenau and Stinnes.

What is it that divides these two men, both of them great captains of industry, whom one would naturally expect to be firm allies instead of opponents? It is not very easy to explain. Rathenau is a Jew, Stinnes is not. That is one reason. Rathenau, being a Jew, is a man of imagination, fond of broad views and general ideas. Stinnes, being a German, has no use for anything but hard facts, and occupies himself with concrete questions as they arise. But though these differences may explain the divergence, and indeed the antipathy, between these two men, it does not explain the passionate interest with which the whole nation follows their rivalry. I know of nothing that illustrates better than this incident the poverty of impressions and preoccupations that characterizes Germany to-day. Personal rivalries are multiplied and aggravated because great men are lacking. The Imperial Government used up many able statesmen and produced very few, especially among the Radicals and the parties out of power. Furthermore, the Germans were never abundantly endowed with great political leaders. Their genius does not run in that direction. The individual is as a rule inferior to the community. But individuals govern, particularly under a parliamentary régime; and it is very natural that the government should be entrusted to men of mediocrity.

If parliamentary rule means government by individual leaders, still more does it mean government by parties. And right here Germany is at her worst. She has political parties, some of which are powerful and well-organized. Most of them survived the revolution practically unchanged. They have been rechristened, but they retain their old platforms and personnel. The only party of importance that owes its birth to the war and revolution, the Independent Socialists, is already disintegrating.

But this very persistence of old political forms betrays the weakness of Germany's parliamentary régime. The unintelligent adoption of that typically British institution by practically every nation in the world is one of the worst blunders of our era, and has caused the domestic crises that are shaking most European Governments to their foundation.

It was a happy intuition that made William II so determined not to have parliamentary rule in Germany. For parliamentary government, or what they call more accurately in England, cabinet government, cannot be a success except where there is a majority of one opinion, and a majority of one opinion is inconceivable in Germany.

Why inconceivable? First of all, because Germany consists of twenty federal states, different in their mentality and their history, and even to-day at heart distinct in sympathies and ideas from all their neighbors. I do not mean by this that they are secessionists. In the second place, Germany consists of a Catholic group and of two irreconcilable Protestant groups. Cabinet government in Germany means a Catholic ministry, and a Catholic ministry in a Protestant country can never be a government by a majority.

Since there is never a majority in Germany, there can never be a stable cabinet. That country is predestined to have a coalition government embracing political leaders who hate each other. This means that Germany is fated to have constant cabinet crises, and that as soon as the pressure of the international situation relaxes and

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ceases to hold together the political structure, there is danger that Germany will fall into a state of political deliquescence.

Any traveler who goes about Germany can see with his own eyes that the factory chimneys are pouring forth clouds of smoke. If he takes the trouble to inquire, he will likewise discover a still more striking symptom of prosperity: all the people are employed. None the less, it is no exaggeration to say that Germany is in the worst conceivable situation economically. Even a superficial study will demonstrate this only too well.

Upon what is the present apparent prosperity of Germany based? The answer is very simple: the fall of the mark. Since losing her merchant marine and most of her raw materials, Germany has no intrinsic economic advantage over her competitors that enables her to defeat them in equal combat, as she could before the war. However, she has two temporary advantages, both of which are due to the fall of the mark.

The first comes from the fact that the purchasing power of the mark declines faster beyond Germany's frontiers than at home. Wages rise more slowly than the value of foreign money in German money. Consequently, at any specified date, German workers earn less than the workers of other countries. The second advantage is that between the date when German manufacturers buy their raw materials and the date when they sell the finished products made from those materials, the value of the mark has fallen, and they can either pocket the difference or share it with the purchaser of their wares.

These two advantages will automatically cease the moment that the mark stops falling and German exchange becomes stable. When that occurs, there will no longer be an artificial margin between the cost of raw materials and the price of manufactured goods; and wages will tend to rise to par with wages in other countries. Then Germany will no longer have an advantage in the world market. Quite the contrary. She will be at a decided disadvantage.

Can the mark continue to fall forever? Evidently not. A falling stone finally reaches the earth; a falling exchange must some day touch bottom. That day, whether near or remote, will inevitably produce a fearful economic convulsion in Germany.

One may say that every country is suffering from an economic crisis. That is true. But we must bear in mind that when that crisis reaches Germany, it will descend upon a country with sadly weakened resisting powers. It will find her worn out, bereft of her reserves, with plants and equipment that have not been kept up, and an industrial organism that has been overexploited. Germany no longer saves, because no one is so foolish as to hoard money that loses part of its value overnight. It is more profitable to spend what you get, even in extravagances. That is what gives Germany's great cities their appearance of artificial and prodigal luxury.

People are not renewing their clothing, because prices have become too high for the purses of most members of the working and middle classes. You see people wearing old clothes that are out of style; and what appearance there is of general comfort is due partly to this using-up of things that ordinarily would be discarded.

Buildings are not being repaired, because, at the present rentals, the owners cannot get enough income from them to keep them up. While the average cost of living has risen twentyfold, rents were artificially kept at the 1914 rate until recently, when they were in-

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creased by 100 per cent. This means, in practice, that rents are still ten times lower than before the war. Real-estate owners have been expropriated, not for the benefit of the community, but for the benefit of their tenants. More than two thousand owners of real estate in Berlin are being supported by charity. On the other hand, a tenant who had a lease of a building renting for thirty thousand marks was able to sell his lease for two million marks. At the present time, the only apartments in the market are furnished. A new tenant buys the furniture. A government official, transferred to Berlin two years ago, registered his name on the priority list for an apartment. To-day there still remain more than two hundred names ahead of his on this list. It is easy to understand that under such conditions houses are allowed to fall into disrepair, furniture is becoming dilapidated, and elevators are not running.

A still more serious symptom of Germany's economic ill-health is the fact that her industrial machinery is not being maintained and replaced. In writing off depreciation to-day, a piece of machinery is valued at twenty times, or in certain instances forty or fifty times, its price before the war. Consequently, the depreciation account over a series of years is only a fraction of what is necessary to replace these machines, and they have to be kept in use whether this is true economy or not.

These are some of the more obvious indications of economic distress. The enumeration might be prolonged indefinitely. When we consider what a disaster unemployment is proving in a country as sound from a business, moral, and social point of view as Great Britain, we hesitate to contemplate what unemployment may do to a ruined and exhausted nation like Germany, with no reserves of physical resources, liquid capital, and moral fibre.

Are there remedies or palliatives for this situation? Hardly. One of two things is inevitable: either the mark will continue to fall and the present unsound condition of business will keep growing worse; or the mark will cease to fall, exports will diminish, and unemployment will ensue with all its attendant troubles.

Would a moratorium help the situation? Such a measure would be justified only if there were a reasonable prospect that it would better conditions. But if a moratorium caused the mark to rise, it might precipitate the very catastrophe it is desirable to avoid.

Why does the mark continue to fall? Is it due to the malicious contrivance of the German Government, as some argue? Not at all. The mark falls simply because Germany is exporting less than she imports, and therefore must buy foreign bills (1) to pay for her surplus imports, (2) to pay on the Reparations account. The German authorities are absolutely helpless in the matter.

Others say that the fall of the mark is the natural result of inflation. That is only partly true. Inflation is the result of the fall of the mark. If we needed further proof of this, we should have it in the present decline of the mark, just when the Reparations Commission is trying to check inflation. On January 13, the Commission demanded that the Government of Germany raise the price of bread and coal, increase railway rates, levy new taxes sufficient to balance the budget, and cease to issue new bank-notes.

In an effort to comply with this injunction, the German Government drafted new tax laws that soon met invincible resistance from the country. But let us assume that the plan had succeeded; what would have been the result?

Last year Germany paid one hun-

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dred and six billion marks in taxes. Our demand was that this sum should be increased by one hundred billion marks additional. It was estimated that such a measure would balance the budget. Under normal conditions, it is an impossibility for any country to double taxes at a single stroke. How could it be done in Germany? Merely because the people who pay the taxes do not bear the burden of them. In a country where the value of money changes overnight, where the value of goods rises every day or so, and where the normal relation between cost price and selling price has long ceased to exist, it is mere child's play for the producer to shift the whole tax to the consumer.

Therefore the consumer must pay under one form or another the entire additional burden, including the higher price of bread, coal, railway service, and other necessaries of life. The rise in the cost of living will produce a rise of wages and this will raise the cost of living again. The demand for a circulating medium will increase in the same ratio as wages and prices, and a new issue of bank-notes will become unavoidable. Furthermore, the budget that balanced on a basis of existing prices will not balance on a basis of the new prices. The Government, which is one of the largest consumers, will have to grant its employees higher salaries and pay more for everything it buys. The mark will fall as a result of the new inflation, and the whole process will start over again. Nothing will have changed except that we shall have run around the circle once more.

This proves how difficult it is to devise remedies for so complicated an evil. It proves still more emphatically that financial remedies will not heal economic ills; nor will purely national remedies cure an international malady.

Contrary to common belief, scientific progress, railways, and electricity do not safeguard a civilization. Faiths and moral standards are also essential. The world of to-day is no better insured against an invasion of barbarism than was the Roman world. Germany furnishes a striking illustration of this truth. For a whole week a few thousand railway and municipal employees, whose trade interests were of some importance but by no means as great as their power, cut off Berlin from the rest of the world, deprived her of internal communication, and left her without light, heat, water, or telephones. With the thermometer but a little above zero, women formed large queues upon the sidewalk to obtain water from public wells. Shops closed at half-past three, and after four o'clock the city was wrapped in darkness and in silence. At such a time, our scientific and technical progress seemed of little account. A city of the Middle Ages, equipped according to the demands and possibilities of that day, would have been in a much more favorable situation to deal with a crisis like this than is a modern city.

This is so true, that Germany, under the pressure of necessity, is evolving technically and mechanically in a retrograde direction. The highly complex organization of our public services has hitherto been regarded as a new conquest of civilization. Strictly speaking, these services have rendered the great modern metropolis possible. When we go back from supplying our needs and comforts collectively on a community basis to supplying them individually, that is retrogression.

Now this is precisely what is occurring in Germany as a result of strikes and other labor troubles. Most of the large hotels and shops of Berlin have installed their own light and water service. They have their own electric plants and pumping systems. It is a curious

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fact that the strikers complained bitterly because the Government had not taken the same precaution in the case of hospitals. The labor unions thus tried to shift from their own shoulders to those of the authorities responsibility for the numerous deaths in public institutions due to the strike. And, in fact, measures have already been taken to provide the hospitals henceforth with an independent water and electric service.

Does this imply that Western civilization, of which we all are a part, is endangered by the decadence of Germany alone? It would be bold to venture this generalization from a single symptom. But we may conclude with confidence that when the public morale of a country goes to pieces, the mere possession of material civilization will not preserve that country.

Consequently, the German problem is a moral problem. That is what makes it so serious. The moral collapse in Germany need come as no surprise to men who knew that nation. The way was being prepared for it long in advance. The people are still paying the penalty for their victory of 1870. The war of 1870 destroyed the moral traditions not only of the Germans as a people but also of the Germans individually. That ancient land acquired artificially the mentality of a new country. It would be an insult to call it an American mentality, for America assimilates and educates her immigrants, while Germany ceased to educate — in a proper moral sense — her children.

This mentality explains the war of 1914 and made it possible. The Germans do not understand you when you tell them that they desired the war; because they did not wish it as individuals, and an honest study of their own hearts shows them that fact. All the confessions that certain Germans may make, pointing the finger of reprobation at their fellow Germans, prove nothing to the contrary. But the Germans understand when you tell them that in 1914 their Government, and their Government alone, had the power to prevent a war, and that it failed to do so. They know that this is true, and that this offense weighs heavily against them in the scales of history.

Their parvenu mentality, the fact that their heads were turned by their wealth and success, explains why the war was possible. It also explains the effect produced by Germany's defeat. When the Germans listened to Wilson's preaching, witnessed the flight of William II, found themselves called upon to endure economic misery and moral humiliation, their souls were empty and their spirits were without the power to resist.

This process of disintegration is just beginning. It is of the utmost importance — for Germany remains the heart of Europe — to know how far it will go.

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LORENZO DE' MEDICI'S LAST REFUSAL

ERCOLE BARSANTI'S LETTER

BY LAURA DÁNIEL-LEUGYEL

From *Pester Lloyd, March* 28
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

FLORENCE, *June*, 1492.

You already know at Venice the misfortunes that have visited our unhappy city since the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. I must first tell you that Lorenzo's son is a weak man, who commands little respect. Messer Piero has inherited naught of his father's imposing personality, will power, suave tact, and dominating intellect. He possesses none of those qualities that made Lorenzo the Magnificent a great man, not only in the eyes of his flatterers and sycophants, but also in the eyes of the world. Piero utterly lacks the great Lorenzo's uncanny knowledge of human nature, his consistent and logical grasp of affairs, his skill in making the ability, the power, the vanity, the ambition, the self-sacrifice, and even the baseness of men serve his own ends and purposes. Piero does not know how to employ even the men whom the Magnificent chose and trained to serve him. But more of this later.

Just now I wish to write rather about Lorenzo himself; for he is still more alive, more among us, more the master of Florence, than is Piero, his son and heir.

I am really curious to know one thing. Did Lorenzo de' Medici, who could recognize instantaneously and unerringly the vices and weaknesses and virtues of men, and make these his tools — did Lord Lorenzo really imagine that his son was the kind of person that every sane man knows him to be? Did he recognize that his son was a commonplace, ordinary individual, of no intellectual weight, whose capriciousness, moodiness, and unsteadiness of purpose would forbid his enjoying the respect and esteem of his family, were he merely the head of a bourgeois household? Not only will Florence play fast and loose with Messer Piero, not only will his followers and underlings make light of him, but if he were a simple mechanic his wife would deceive him, and his children would despise him. No cure exists for these defects. There are men we cannot respect, no matter how honestly we desire to do so.

But Florence does not cherish that desire. She was compelled to do obeisance to the powerful will and intellectual preëminence of the Magnificent; yet at the same time her people thronged eagerly and reverently to the Church of the Fathers of Saint Mark, to listen to the preaching and admonitions of Savonarola.

You must still recall, my friend, the first sermon that Friar Girolamo preached in that church. We stood in Saint Mark's side by side that hot August day. Brother Girolamo took his text from the book of Revelation. The throng that packed the edifice thrilled with emotion. Men listened with their heads bowed on their breasts

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and pallor on their cheeks and women almost fainted, when the Brother spoke of God's judgment about to be visited upon Italy, and of the fall of Florence.

My friend, do you still remember Savonarola's countenance? Those features cramped and furrowed by the tortures of supernatural torment? Do you remember how he described Italy in her rags, in her clotted blood, disgraced and pillaged? Do you still recall the remarkable expression of his eyes, the bitter twitching of his lips, the wrinkles on his brow? And his face, my friend? That face that clutched the soul of Florence, enchained it, and led it away a willing prisoner? As we were leaving the church you said to me: —

'And Lorenzo the Magnificent brought this monk to Florence!'

Yes, that he did. This is his sole incomprehensible and inexplicable act. Presumably Lord Lorenzo himself did not foresee its consequences. In any case, it was already done. The wisest, shrewdest, most inflexible of men, the man who knew his fellows best and was unequaled in making them serve his designs, committed this blunder — a blunder of which the simplest man, endowed with ordinary common sense, would never have been guilty. The Magnificent brought his mortal enemy, the fated destroyer of his House, to Florence.

Nay, more. He labored long and zealously to persuade Friar Girolamo to come to Florence. To Florence, to the very cloister that his grandfather Cosimo had founded, and toward which he himself up to his very death showed unbounded generosity and devotion! Many and many a time have I pondered to myself, what could have induced Lord Lorenzo to summon this fated destroyer of his House to this city. Did he in truth conceive the prophet as nothing more than an eloquent preacher, who would add to the fame and glory of Saint Mark's? Did he covet him merely as one more jewel shining in his brilliant Court, like the other famous men with whom he surrounded himself, whom he let burn incense to him, and with whom he adorned Florence, his palace, and his retinue? Did he think he was a man like Angelo Poliziano, who would glorify the Magnificent in his writings, extol him in his verses, and educate his children? Or did he merely consider him in the same class with that odd, awkward Buonarroti with the crooked nose, who, by the way, is a very gifted man and an extraordinarily brilliant carver of marble? Or did Lord Lorenzo think this Savonarola was in the same class with tall Granacci, who painted the decorations for his feasts and processions; or with that unpredictable Leonardo, to whom he kept writing letters trying to tempt him back to his Court? Just try to fancy Brother Girolamo as an ornament of the Court of the Medici! How could the Magnificent have made such a tremendous blunder? He certainly had seen and made the acquaintance of that man; he certainly had heard him preach; he must have known that Savonarola was the most dangerous, the only dangerous man in Italy, because he is the only man who honestly believes the things he says and preaches and teaches. Lorenzo certainly knew all that. Lorenzo, whose eye always pierced to the bottom of things, who weighed so accurately every force and influence, failed to perceive in the words of this monk the mighty force of faith and conviction which builds new worlds and hurls old worlds to ruin!

Whoever has listened to Brother Girolamo already knows that when, in 1490, the invitation of the Magnificent brought him to Florence, it brought, at the same time, the fatal eclipse of

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the glory of the Medicis. Did not all of us see at once that this man's passionate love of liberty was a living, eternal faith, a religion that he never would betray or desert? Did we not feel that he would let himself be torn to pieces, rent limb from limb, rather than fail to bear witness, in all times and places, to the faith that filled his soul? Were we not immediately aware that he would make converts for freedom and independence wherever he was and at every opportunity, and that he would teach these converts to hate, scorn, and pursue with unappeasable vengeance, every form of tyranny?

Yet Lorenzo did not see the flame that was to set his whole world ablaze. He considered Brother Girolamo an able speaker, a pious, God-fearing, virtuous priest, who would use the pulpit of Saint Mark's to exhort the people to live a better life, and to concentrate their thoughts upon eternal salvation. Surely the Magnificent never dreamed for a moment that this monk would become the mightiest force in the public affairs of Florence.

Beyond question his error was due to the envy of the gods. The envy of the gods blinded for a moment Lorenzo's eagle eyes. The gods will not tolerate too great gifts of fortune in a mortal, and therefore decree that we shall bring our fate upon our own heads.

So Savonarola came to Florence at Lorenzo's bidding.

The rest we already know. In his first sermon he won undisputed mastery over the souls of his hearers. Then Lorenzo recognized the peril that threatened his power and his House. Should he imprison him, or otherwise make him harmless? Lord Lorenzo never considered this for a single moment. He knew only too well that an imprisoned or executed Savonarola would be far more dangerous than a Savonarola living and at liberty, thundering from the pulpit of Saint Mark's against him and his tyranny. And if he perchance secretly cherished the hope of eventually liberating himself from Friar Girolamo, he knew perfectly well that his successor could not do so. The Magnificent began to negotiate with Savonarola, and here again we have another instance of the fatal blindness with which the gods darkened his eyes. What could he offer in these negotiations? Flattery? Fair words? Brother Girolamo did not hear them, did not understand them. Gifts? Distinction? What can you give a man who carries the living, eternal Deity in his breast — a man who is a living torch of life and faith and liberty?

So the Magnificent must have known that he was poorer than a beggar when it came to dealing with Brother Girolamo. And we must add to this Savonarola's extraordinary business ability. I never would have believed that an unworldly monk, so unversed in the practical affairs of life, could be so shrewd in handling men. The souls that he once clutched in his iron grasp he never again let loose.

An open break occurred between Lorenzo and the Friar when Savonarola became Prior of the Cloister of Saint Mark's. The priest knew that the new Prior of Saint Mark's was customarily expected to pay a formal call of respect upon the patron lord, the Medici. Savonarola neglected to do this. He did not seek an audience with the Magnificent; and when he was urged to do so he replied that such a ceremony was a foolish, worldly observance, unbefitting a Prior, and that he could not consent to it.

Lorenzo's whole Court fell into a fury over this unheard-of insult. But the Magnificent merely smiled, and said: 'You see, a pleasant stranger dwells in my house and finds himself,

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as I observe, very comfortable there; nevertheless, he will not condescend to extend his hand in friendly greeting to me.'

Lord Lorenzo was right, if he meant that his grandfather Cosimo had built the Cloister of Saint Mark. But Brother Girolamo was still more right in refusing to consider that fact, and insisting that the Cloister was not the House of the Medici, but a holy and consecrated tabernacle of God.

Messer Lorenzo perceived that he had a redoubtable opponent, and decided that he would not lose his temper. He attended regularly the services held by the monk, and listened attentively to his sermons. Not a line of his countenance changed when Brother Girolamo thundered against the tyrant who held Florence under his yoke; when he spoke of the liberation of the city, of the coming barbarian invasion, of the setting of the sun of the Medici.

When Lord Lorenzo's courtiers urged him to take stern measures with the monk, the Magnificent merely shrugged his shoulders and said: 'Brother Girolamo feels it his duty to watch over the health of our souls, and if he considers this the best way to accomplish his purpose it is not for us to oppose him.'

These were the words of Lord Lorenzo. And Savonarola was free to preach to the world that Lorenzo de' Medici, with all his power and greatness, was a godless heathen who had robbed Florence of her freedom, and ruined public morals; and that he and his House had merely brought a curse upon the city.

Thereupon Lord Lorenzo appealed to the famous pulpit orator, Friar Mariano de Genezzano, to enter the lists against Brother Girolamo. The latter accepted that honorable commission, for he was glad to be of service to the Magnificent, and he hated Savonarola.

Then we recognized for the first time what a vast difference there is between a skillful orator and a God-inspired prophet. Friar Mariano preached to empty churches; Savonarola's power over the consciences of Florence was unlimited. By this time the health of the Magnificent was already failing. But what of Lord Piero? How could he hold his own if the great Lorenzo himself had been defeated? Lord Lorenzo lay on his deathbed.

Then a remarkable incident occurred, and it is especially the purpose of my letter to tell you of this. I heard it from a man whom an accident made a witness of that unprecedented and interesting episode.

All the world knew that the days of the Magnificent were numbered. He himself felt that his last hour was drawing near. After he had taken all the measures that were called for in regard to the government and his own successor, and had set his house in order, he refused to discuss longer the affairs of this world, and turned his thoughts entirely to his eternal welfare and to the salvation of his immortal soul. Then, feeling an imperative need for the Sacrament and absolution, he sent for Brother Girolamo. And he said, in the presence of Messer Alfonso Strozzi, why he did so: 'Savonarola is the only honest priest in all Italy. I wish to receive absolution from his hands.'

Friar Girolamo came at once. It was the first time that his feet had crossed the threshold of the Palace of the Medici. The confession lasted a long time; his strength deserted Lord Lorenzo, and he fainted. We hastened to his assistance.

Savonarola stood there motionless, with a thoughtful countenance, while the physician busied himself about the Magnificent. When Lord Lorenzo again opened his eyes, he made a mo-

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tion to show that he wished to be left alone again with Brother Girolamo.

Alfonso Strozzi, however, remained behind a portière, because he feared that Lord Lorenzo might faint again and because, like the rest of us, he fancied that, now the confession was over, only the absolution remained to be given. That was the case. When Lorenzo fainted he had already completed the enumeration of his sins, and it was the monk's turn to speak. Messer Alphonso heard his far-carrying voice distinctly: —

'There are three things that I ask of thee before I can let thee go thy way absolved of thy sins. Answer me. Dost thou believe in the eternal mercy of the living God?'

Thereupon Lord Lorenzo raised himself on his knees, made the sign of the cross, and humbly bowing his head repeated the Credo.

'My second demand is that thou shalt return and make good all that thou hast gained by deception and intrigue, or taken wrongly by violence from thy fellow men.'

Lorenzo lifted his hand to swear, and in a low but firm voice said, 'That I pledge myself to do.'

'Third, I demand of thee that thou restore to Florence her liberty.'

At these words, Messer Lorenzo's head sank back upon the pillow. He made no reply. He turned his face toward the wall, and in spite of all the urging and appeals of the monk remained in that attitude. Savonarola stood with him half an hour, urging, appealing, threatening — but in vain. Lord Lorenzo remained silent and motionless. Then Friar Girolamo departed, and two hours later Lorenzo the Magnificent died — without absolution. He did not have another priest summoned.

Is that not terrible? The death of the great Medici; but perhaps still more the unrelenting sternness of the monk. You know, my friend, that I am no partisan of the Medici. I honor Lord Lorenzo for his great, his almost superhuman, qualities; but I regard his successor with intense dislike, verging on contempt and hatred. At the same time, I feel that Brother Girolamo has sinned against mercy, and especially against justice; for he demanded something of the Magnificent that it was not in the power of the latter to grant.

A man may rob a people of their liberty, as the Medici robbed our unhappy Florence, but it is not in his power to return what he has stolen. Only the people themselves can take back their liberty, if they have the power to do so. And, I may add, if they really deserve it. Otherwise it is all in vain.

The Magnificent knew this when he turned his face to the wall, hopeless and unshriven, submerged in the ocean of his sins. Therefore may our Lord and Master have mercy on him.

How incomparably greater was this man than the son who bears his name and inherits his position!

Scarcely three months have elapsed since the funeral, and Lord Piero is already planning a great celebration. It has snowed in Florence, and that rare event must be commemorated with appropriate rejoicing.

While Brother Girolamo prophesies in Saint Mark's a barbarian invasion, Messer Piero commissions Buonarroti to carve him snow statues! You know whom I mean — that little Michelangelo, with the crooked nose, who made those wonderful marble decorations for the garden of the Magnificent. The little episode I mention is ridiculous; but it is typical of Piero de' Medici. He has commanded the artist who adorned the palace of Lord Lorenzo with noble creations of white and eternal marble,

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to model snow figures that will melt to water within a week.

This silly episode sufficiently characterizes the father and the son. Lord Lorenzo made art a servant to his princely pomp. Piero, the son, makes art a servant to childish caprice. I find little entertainment in the incident. The heavens are darkening above us. If Brother Girolamo is right, we shall soon have the barbarians at our gates. And the monk imagines that these French will liberate Italy from her tyrants! That may be; but they will remain in the seats of the tyrants.

What I am telling you of Florence, my friend, applies to all Italy. A man can be free only by his own acts. Alas for him who hopes for liberty from foreign barbarians, who will pillage Italy, drench her with blood, and heap her with infamy. We are told that new life will spring from the ruins. But I have no faith in that.

Our people are actually longing for the arrival of the French. Friar Girolamo's preaching has made them eager to be liberated from the yoke of the Medici at any cost. They hate the French, and Charles VIII, far less than they do Lord Piero and his mercenaries.

Only one of my friends, Messer Niccolò Machiavelli, shares to some extent these doubts of mine. That man, in the midst of private cares and physical suffering, dreams of a united Italy, to be created, if necessary, with the aid of the barbarians.

Personally, I hardly know whether to regret Lorenzo's death, or to rejoice over the decline of the Medici — whether the day when Friar Girolamo first ascended the pulpit at Saint Mark's is a day to be cursed or to be blessed.

Write me, dear friend, as soon as possible, of pleasanter things than these distressing thoughts with which, I fear, I have disturbed your pleasures.

MEXICO AND PETROLEUM

BY A MEXICAN CORRESPONDENT

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, April 2*
(Radical-Liberal Pro-Rathenau Daily)

Sentiment has played an important part in the fight between American oil companies and Mexico's Revolutionary Government. The revolutionists were saturated with hatred of foreigners. Porfirio Diaz is supposed to have used their aid to exploit Mexico, and to keep her people in ignorance and poverty. On the other hand, the pride of the Americans was touched to the quick at finding themselves and their investments in the power of ignorant Mexican politicians, whose acts and policies were irresponsible, unpredictable, and contradictory. They felt that they had created Mexico's petroleum industry, forgetting sometimes that Englishmen and other Europeans had also contributed to that development. They had trans-

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formed Tampico from an insignificant town of three thousand people into the most important seaport of Mexico, with a population of more than sixty thousand. Such an achievement stands in the eyes of Americans, with their unquestioning faith in the absolute value of technical progress, for something more than mere money-making. They defended the autonomy of the petroleum industry in part for sentimental reasons. They conceived themselves pioneers of a higher civilization.

Mexicans often argue, with great vehemence, that the petroleum industry, in spite of fiscal measures affecting it, enjoys more privileges in their country than in the United States. That may be true. But that does not affect the attitude of the oil magnates, who would readily pay taxes and show respect to a 'civilized Government' that they refuse to 'inferior' Mexican politicians. The result is that American oil men have labored long and persistently for armed intervention.

Mexico's petroleum wealth was discovered about twenty years ago. Porfirio Diaz favored the new industry, and in 1901 promulgated a petroleum law, providing among other things that no tax except the universal Stamp Tax should be levied upon the wells for ten years, and that no export duty should be collected upon their product. The petroleum companies were placed under the *ley de fomento de la Industria,* which provided in general that a man receiving a petroleum concession must spend a specified sum in developing his property, and should enjoy for a limited period freedom from taxation and the right to import machinery and supplies at a low rate of duty. The industry grew rapidly. During the last few years it has made such unprecedented progress that Mexico now ranks second among petroleum-producing countries.

Rumor has it that American oil companies supported Madero's revolution in 1910, because they resented the preference that Porfirio Diaz had shown for Lord Cowdray's English company. How far this may be true remains undetermined. It is certain that these companies did not oppose Madero. In 1913 Huerta became President, and Madero was assassinated. Huerta secured the support of England and France, where he obtained a loan of sixty million dollars. The United States, however, refused to recognize him as President, and in 1913 seized Vera Cruz.

The following year Huerta was forced to resign. A period of bitter civil war ensued. Eventually Carranza was recognized by the United States. For a time Villa, the most powerful revolutionary leader in Northern Mexico, had been the candidate of the White House for this office. But Wilson finally threw him over, and even ordered a punitive expedition against him, in 1916–1917, which resulted in the occupation of Chihuahua. Villa, though a bandit, was a man of action. He was a self-made leader who had worked up from small beginnings. He fought, robbed, and murdered undisturbed by any qualms of conscience, with the sole and easily comprehensible object of furthering his own fortune. He did not succeed in conquering Mexico, but he was not himself defeated. Finally the Government bought his support by granting him a large estate in Durango, together with a pension and a bodyguard.

Carranza was controlled by the Intellectuals. He called his army '*ejército constitutionalista,*' and he secured the enactment of a new constitution that was a wonderful mixture of individualism, socialism, and nationalism.

The American petroleum magnates endorsed the policy of the White

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House toward Madero and Huerta; but they disagreed with Wilson's policy toward Carranza. Wilson's seizure of Vera Cruz conflicted with their plans. When the revolution started in the north, they begged Washington for protection, and were told that the Government could not interfere with the internal affairs of a sovereign state so long as material interests alone were at stake. Instead of occupying Tampico, as the oil men hoped, the United States occupied Vera Cruz, and thus placed its citizens at Tampico in a most critical situation.

Thereupon the petroleum lords struck out on an independent policy. They felt that Wilson had deserted them. Carranza's socialism boded them no good; so they founded a government of their own, by subventioning the revolutionary General Pelaez. The Mexican Government never dared seriously to attack this leader. His independent dominion was finally brought to an end through compromises by President Obregón. Nevertheless, the petroleum leaders had to come to terms with Carranza's Administration, after the United States authorities had done so, and its jurisdiction was established throughout most of the Republic. Carranza looked to the petroleum companies as a source of revenue. At the same time he was hostile to the oil men, on account of the support they were giving Pelaez, and on account of his own socialist and nationalist theories. This attitude manifested itself in a series of decrees designed to regulate the companies and to impose heavier taxes upon them. These decrees culminated with the enactment of the Constitution of 1917.

Article 27 of that Constitution based the right to private property on a socialist foundation: 'Property in land and in waters within the borders of the nation belongs originally to the nation.' The nation thereby declared that it was the owner of all mineral wealth, including petroleum. This Constitution provided further, in Article 14, that no law should have retroactive force. Now since colonial days the mining law of Mexico had recognized that the State possessed first right to all mineral wealth, but did not expressly mention petroleum. This resulted in two possible interpretations of Article 27. Carranza's Government and its supporters said that the petroleum laws passed by Porfirio Diaz were unconstitutional. Diaz had enacted these laws by virtue of extraordinary authority that he never legally possessed, thereby violating the provisions of the Constitution and granting national property in perpetuity to strangers. Therefore no legal obstacle lay in the way of nationalizing the country's petroleum resources. This did not constitute expropriation or retroactive legislation; it was merely a case where the true owner demanded back his property from the person using it. If the latter refused to relinquish the property, he was at least obligated to pay a reasonable price for the privilege of enjoying it.

Against this the oil companies argued that laws enacted and concessions regularly granted by a duly recognized Government could not be arbitrarily abrogated. While the question was still in dispute, Carranza's Administration took the matter into its own hands by imposing a tax upon petroleum, and requiring the oil companies to recognize the ultimate title of the Government to all petroleum beneath the soil. Companies failing to comply with the law forfeited their concession.

America, England, and France immediately protested against this decree. The oil companies appealed to the Mexican Supreme Court; at the same

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time resorting to more effective measures that they had previously employed in similar instances: that is, they refused to obey the law. Now, however, the situation of the companies was suddenly reversed. The three most powerful Governments in the world were behind them. Their opponent was Carranza, accused of being a friend of Germany. Meanwhile, conditions in America and in the White House had also changed. Wilson was played out. Senator Fall, whose relations with the oil companies were excellent, and who advocated intervention in Mexico, was coming to the front, and was already being groomed for a cabinet appointment. England and France had made arrangements with America by virtue of which their policies toward Mexico would be guided by that of the United States. The Carranza Administration took refuge in the device of transferring oil concessions to other companies — in fact, to American rivals of the companies in possession.

About this time the Wall Street press started an atrocity campaign against Mexico, publishing sensational and exaggerated accounts of the disorder and lawlessness in that country. Obregón's revolution followed. The oil companies found themselves in clover. Senator Fall became Minister of the Interior and had charge of the American Government's policy toward Mexico. Obregón wished to be recognized by the United States; but he could not accept Senator Fall's conditions. Law and order had been so well established that there was no longer any excuse for American intervention. At the same time Carranza's oil policy was dropped.

Obregón chose a peculiarly opportune moment to revive the whole petroleum question. About 1920 the high prices of oil that had prevailed during the war began to weaken. Producers in the United States, with their higher production cost, were suffering from competition with Mexican producers whose wells were producing a growing share of the world's output. They began to clamor for a protective duty. Last spring this demand became very urgent. Thereupon the Mexican Government enacted two tax measures, in May and June, converting the existing taxes — not nominally, but practically — into an export duty, and doubling the amount.

Naturally the Mexican oil magnates protested. They said the duty was intolerably heavy, unconstitutional, and all that. But their protest was no longer unanimous. The English companies, for reasons of their own, backed Obregón's Government; for the international struggle over petroleum had begun. More than that, independent petroleum producers in the United States made a counter-protest against the objections raised by the American petroleum companies in Mexico, because this export tax directly benefited the owners of wells in Texas and Oklahoma. Consequently public opinion in the United States was divided.

In spite of all this the American producers in Mexico threw down the gage of battle. Early in July, ten days before the new tax went into effect, they shut down all their wells. Simultaneously the price of crude oil at New York fell. The latter phenomenon was traced directly to American refiners, who fix the price of the crude product almost at will, and who are on the best of terms with owners of the Mexican wells. This decline in prices served as an excuse for the shutdown in the Tampico district. Thousands of workmen were thrown out of employment. Mexico saw its revenue from petroleum taxes dwindle to the vanishing point.

However, the Government stood firm, and the oil kings resorted to ne-

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gotiations. On September 2, 1921, they reached an agreement apparently satisfactory to both parties. The wells resumed production; petroleum prices rose. Late in November a banking syndicate, representing Mexico's foreign creditors, entered into negotiations with the Republic's Minister of Finance, whereupon the Wall Street press indignantly protested because the Mexican Government proposed to purchase its depreciated bonds in the open market, instead of spending its money to pay interest. To this the Mexican Finance Minister replied that he was acting quite within the rights of his Government.

Then the fact came out that the oil companies had been granted a delay in the payment of their export duties. Some difficulty still existed regarding these payments. As a concession to the companies, the Mexican Government agreed to accept, instead of cash, which the law required, its own foreign bonds at par. The companies were not able to buy enough of these bonds to meet their obligations to the Government; and when it came to paying the balance in cash, as had been provided in their agreement, they demanded the right to do so on a 40 per cent basis, arguing that Mexican bonds were at 60 per cent discount when the agreement was concluded. But the Mexican Government insisted on payment in cash at $55\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the par value of the bonds, which was the current price of the latter at the time the payments finally became due.

Thus it appears that the Mexican Government has both weakened the position of the oil kings by its tax legislation, and created divergent interests between the oil men and Wall Street. Thereby it has placed itself in a favorable position to deal with each party separately.

THE NEW GERMAN LITERATURE

BY A. FILIPPOV

From *Grani*, No 1, 1922
(Berlin Russian-Language Literary Almanac)

As he lay on his deathbed, in a field hospital in an out-of-the-way village of Lorraine, the talented German artist, Franz Mark, wrote: —

'In the days of fearful battle, many a human heart ceased beating for an instant — and then resumed its palpitations, transformed, reaching out into the future. That momentary quiescence was a farewell to the past. That past died in every human heart. Has anything remained that man formerly deemed holy? And of the things that have survived, how many are dear to us now? Not one of us is able to recross the blood-rolling river of the war; we can never again return to that past.'

These words of the dead artist are, in a sense, a splendid epitome of the chaotic condition of German literature at the present time. There is no return to the past. The future is all too dim. And the forms which this future seemed

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destined to assume, soon after the war and the November Revolution, were such as to fill with confusion and despair the aristocracy of German spiritual culture, the standard bearers of the German spirit. As early as 1920, Thomas Mann wrote in his book, *The Reflections of a Nonpolitical Thinker*, the following significant words: —

'Something new is dawning in the world, something that is strange to us. New canons of beauty and ethics are being created, and our past has not prepared us for their acceptance.'

No well-known writer, whose reputation was established before the war, has written anything of note during the last few years. Fear of failing to be in tune with the new epoch, of being rejected by 'the new canons of beauty and morality,' has paralyzed creative impulse. Some, like Hermann Hesse, Jacob Wassermann, Woldemar Bozelis, appear to have found strength enough to 'recross the blood-rolling river of the war,' but they have withdrawn far away from the turbulent actuality of the present. One of them has tried to use in fiction the philosophy and mysticism of India; others have plunged into the deep reaches of ultra-æsthetic individualism. Some of the younger and most promising perished in the war. George Trakl, the gifted poet; Zorge, the talented dramatist; Stadler, Sack, and G. Landauer, are among the dead.

And the new, those who have remained, who represent the present, are in a process of fermentation, of formulation, *im Werden*, and, like the present-day reality itself, cannot be defined or described with precision.

A bulwark that seemed invincible has crashed to the ground, carrying with it Germany's transcendent faith in the uniqueness of her culture, in the Hegelian system of world philosophy as incarnated in Prussianism. Consciously or unconsciously, every German had this faith. It is true that since the time of Heine it had been considered good form to praise Paris and sneer at Berlin. All Germans who aspired to be thought men of taste did this consistently. But the very first shot of the war made these insincere and parading apologists for Latin or Anglo-Saxon cultures conscious that they were Germans and ardent patriots.

Maria Reiner Rilke, the author of an excellent book on Rodin; Wilhelm Uhde, the friend of Picasso, who had written first-rate monographs on Henri Renier, on the Abbeyist poets, and on Latin culture generally; René Schickle, who could and did write only in Paris and even looked like a typical Parisian; Bernhard Kellermann, whose best books, *The Sea*, dealing with the coast of Brittany, and *The Madman*, were written in the *Quartier Latin* — all these and many others found themselves torn adrift and out of gear with their environment. Some began to affect a pathetic exaltation; some tried to lose themselves in the humdrum of war work; some endeavored desperately to write down the snatches of ideas and impressions still left them, only to realize how impotent they had suddenly become.

What has happened to Germany is much like what happened to France after the war of '70–'71, as so vividly described by Romain Rolland in *Jean-Christophe:* —

'A nation that has lost a war is like a man who has lost his God. A dull weariness suddenly takes the place of fantastic exaltation. Gray ashes simmer to the ground where flames had burned in millions of human hearts. All values become valueless. Deeds which but yesterday seemed heroic now appear trite. Faith itself takes on the guise of madness. A spirit of self-interest and utter egoism seizes men,

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and spiritual powers vanish into unending languor.'

These words describe the Germany of to-day — but only partly. Germany's spiritual past is too tremendous, her cultural traditions too deep-seated, for the pressure of sorrow and impotence to overwhelm her. After a war that heaped upon her many true and many untrue accusations, Germany now feels the need of spiritual rehabilitation. There are times when such an internal urge in the lives of nations becomes a dynamic force, almost as powerful as the instinct of self-preservation. In a sense, it becomes a 'to be or not to be?'

Moreover, there is a new factor present to-day that did not exist fifty years ago, and that acts as a powerful accumulator of spiritual forces, transforming them into a passionate creative impulse. It is the ruthless process of industrialization, which reveals itself more and more distinctly as a veritable spectre, threatening to transform millions of human beings into mere parts of machines, unless these same human beings find within themselves enough spiritual power to escape from a bondage that would extinguish forever the flames of the spirit. Here again it is 'to be or not to be?'

Germany could not remain long in the thrall of sorrow and despair. And just as work was resumed with feverish haste in factories and foundries as soon as the war was over, so work was resumed also in laboratories, studios, and the studies of scientists, artists, and writers.

New names began to appear in literature. People began to say with hope and expectation, 'At last it has begun!' And as invariably happens when a people's sentiment of national respect and dignity is wounded, the value set upon these new writers was invariably exaggerated. The praise heaped upon them is due largely to the fact that they exist as writers or artists, and give the people grounds to hope for a regeneration of German literature.

Fritz von Unruh, formerly an officer in the Imperial Guards, attached to the staff of the Crown Prince, made his literary début with a play in verse, the central motive of which was a protest against war, against the idea of a fatherland founded on a dynasty, and even against social compromises that prevent a free development of the human personality and the unfolding of its happiness. It was such a novel sight to behold a Court officer in the rôle of a rebel that the writer's fame was assured. His second play was even bolder; it stripped away the aureole that had shone so long over the casque of military Germany. Fame and success came to the young man, who, though brought up in the best traditions of the military aristocracy, was reborn by his experiences in the trenches and had learned to speak the language of the new age.

Reinhard Heiring is a physician who took part in several naval engagements. His fame rests on a play, called *The Battle at Sea*, which was presented with great success at Berlin in 1919. The play really consists of conversations which Heiring heard before and after the battle and recorded verbatim into his notebook. The result is a series of dialogues, full of crushing horror, that destroyed the last vestiges of romantic illusion in those who were lamenting their dear ones, *gefallen für das Vaterland*. There was not a trace of heroism in their death — only animal fear and fierce hatred for those who had sent them to their involuntary sacrifice.

Heiring has not written anything since that first play, and it is doubtful if he ever will write anything else. He is not a writer, just as Von Unruh is not an artist or a poet. But the war and

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the revolution awakened in many men who were not born to be writers a new gamut of thoughts and feelings. As a result, the book market of Germany is literally flooded with volumes of poems, stories, and novels, that are utterly worthless from a literary point of view. In a few, the sincere outburst of human feeling discharged itself in something that at least distantly resembled a storm; the majority merely raised clouds of dull and wearisome dust that subsided quickly enough.

Ernst Toller and Leonard Frank are both able writers, but they have fallen victims of the deceiving 'light from the East,' which has blinded them completely.

Just before the war, Leonard Frank published an exquisite book, *The Robbers' Band*, a story of children, who identify reality with the imaginative narratives of Fenimore Cooper and other writers in a most touching and romantic fashion. But what he has written since the war — only two small volumes, to be sure — consists of protest against war and the bourgeois social system, poor paraphrases into fiction of the dull editorials of the Communist paper, *Die Rote Fahne*.

Ernst Toller, who is still is prison for participating in the Munich Communist *putsch*, has written two plays, *Wandlung* and *Der Massenmensch*. The latter is merely a collection of phrases taken literally from Communist placards and appeals. But the former expresses poignant soul distress, the protest of a sensitive human heart that has been deeply wounded by the suffering due to the war and by the outburst of senseless revenge against the real and imaginary offenders responsible for its horrors. But here again we have a voice that has sounded because it could not remain silent, that was tortured into passionate expression by the suffering that the writer had witnessed or experienced. There are no traces of the artist's hand in his imagery, or of fascinating novelty in his language, or of the breath of eternity in this thoughts. It is scarcely likely that Toller's name will long survive in the annals of German literature.

There are only three writers who should be set apart in the host of names on the covers of the books that pour from the presses. These three are Casimir Edschmidt, Teodor Deibler, and Elsa Lasker-Schiller.

Casimir Edschmidt is the author of several volumes of stories, novels, literary essays and articles. He is the justification of expressionism in German literature, just as Picasso is the justification of the extreme movement in art. You can accept or reject him; but he is convincing, he excites you, exasperates you, at times fascinates you. He has a face of his own, which you cannot pass by without pausing.

It is just as impossible to tell the content of Edschmidt's stories as to describe the constant breaking of the waves along thousands of miles of shore. Edschmidt takes action outside of time and space. Yet his characters are real, living people, just as God made them in the first days of creation and as they have remained, basically, after centuries of evolving heart and mind. In every story of Edschmidt's you have an almost incredible piling-up of horrors that really fill you with terror and bind your thought for a long time afterward to what you have read. His stories are full of explosions, duels, plots, rebellions, occultism, secret ritual, political intrigue, regal luxury, horrible slums, crime, and ecstacy. All these are the gamut of themes and tones, out of which the author constructs his stories with compelling truth to reality. Edschmidt has no sense of logic — at least of what passes for logic in the grayness of everyday

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existence. But he has an overpowering sense of that logic which pervades the mystery of the night, and which makes the impossible possible, and the incomprehensible clear and acceptable to the human heart.

Such works as *Achatnen Kugeln*, or *Sechs Mündungen*, or *Das rasende Leben*, will have a place far beyond the field of merely German literature. Edschmidt does not create a literary school. It is impossible to copy his style without plain repetition, or to employ his scheme of plot development without falling into pitiful imitation. He stands alone, and alone he will always stand in literature; just as Hoffmann has always stood alone, without a school or a group of followers. Yet, Edschmidt is still young and may develop along different lines.

Teodor Deibler is a poet and an artist. His *Hymns to Italy*, published in 1918, forced even academic critics to acknowledge the exceptional talent of this leader of the expressionist group. Deibler lived for a long time in the mountains of Italy, in small, out-of-the-way villages. There he learned to know the Italian sun and an almost pagan joy of life. Yet he could not but remain a son of a great, cultured people. And he now finds himself swinging violently between two poles. The best of his books, *Hymns to Italy*, is an intoxicating collection of verse. His poems are as luxuriantly exotic as tropical vegetation. Each nuance is natural and leads naturally to the next, as one wavelet plashes into its successor. There is a primitive simplicity about him that whispers to him strange, jewel-like words as names for trees and beasts, for children and old temples.

Deibler's two long poems, 'The Northern Light' and 'Rah,' disclose him not only as a master of verse technique, but also as a profound thinker — an artist with complex religious ideas and a philosophical approach to things and events.

His prose is limited in amount, and though of considerable interest, shows that his real field is verse. Every ten pages or so he involuntarily changes to rhythmic prose. Such works as *The Pearls of Venice* will reward the most exacting reader for the *pain* of reading it — for it is not easy to read Deibler. He has introduced into the German language numerous neologisms, as well as new turns of expression and new word-arrangements that sometimes remind one of Romain Rolland's rhythmic prose.

Elsa Lasker-Schiller is older than either Edschmidt or Deibler. She is a poetess, a dramatist, an essayist, and a literary critic, and has written nearly fifteen volumes of poems, stories, articles, fairy tales, plays, and things which do not fit into any literary classification, but which are probably the most beautiful work she has done.

Lasker-Schiller has a universality of interest that enables her to transform even the smallest impressions, even the tiniest bits of life she sees before her, into veritable jewels, into artistic diamonds that are probably destined to remain for a long time sources of light and beauty. She has a style and a manner of her own, but neither mannerism nor stylization. Her innate simplicity, refracted through the prism of her original literary forms, has long since compelled the most stubborn and uncompromising of German literary critics, the ancient guardians of literary forms and traditions, to recognize her as a poet of the first rank and to assign to her a place of honor in German literature.

Elsa Lasker-Schiller is of Jewish extraction. The heritage of a three-thousand-year culture has given her a sense of sorrow, a tragic approach to the world, but also a powerful Eastern

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imagination, which is startled by reality and seeks to clothe it in the guise of a fairy tale.

The writer becomes transformed into Princess Tino, the teller of fairy tales in Bagdad, and takes her reader to the realms over which she rules, shows him magic pictures revealed to her vision, and makes audible to him the lutes and the harps on which she plays in her imagination. Again, she is a Prince, fighting the infidels, and writing to her friends in Berlin and Munich letters from the fields of battle. These letters are both in verse and in prose, equally charming in either guise. And it is impossible not to believe her fantastic creations: she herself believes in them too profoundly.

Life appears to her as chaos; the stars of heaven are 'deadly, terrifying spectres'; the dark eye of midnight fills her with unconquerable terror. But she believes, with the deeply ingrained faith of the ancient Hebrews: 'There is a God in Heaven!' And in moments of confusion, in the midst of life's chaos, she cries: 'Descend to us, O Lord!'

There are in Lasker-Schiller's poetry also motives which are seldom absent in the thoughts of a creative feminine soul: dissatisfaction, a holy dream of personal happiness, yearning to reach out from her loneliness. But she is instinct with skepticism and humor, and they happily prevent her lyricism from becoming common sentimentalism. Every loud note of repressed pain and sorrow is hushed by the soft pedal of humor.

For Elsa Lasker-Schiller literature is not a profession, nor a means for achieving laurels, of which she has not the slightest need. She writes charming poems, because she is not a bird and cannot sing them, as she would have no doubt preferred. She tells fairy tales without imagining them, for she is, in truth, Princess Tino from Bagdad and was born with these tales alive in her soul.

And Elsa Lasker-Schiller, too, is outside of any school or group. She stands alone, flung by chance into the midst of our realities — fiery and gentle, the naïve and wise Sappho of the East, enthroned in the *Café des Westens*, which she has immortalized, together with its erstwhile guests, Berlin Bohemia, in one of her best books, *My Heart*.

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WAVE DESART

BY K. L. MONTGOMERY

From the *Cornhill Magazine, March*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

A SCIENTIST, a sailorman, and the owner of the steam yacht, Pocahontas, stood over the dredging net raised from the Atlantic surges.

'What in thunder 's that?'

'It seems — it is — a bottle sheathed in barnacles.'

'Been sea-bathing a good few years by the look of it. Anything inside?'

'Wal, I reckon nothin 's not apt to be corked up so careful.' The sailor dealt with seals and wrappages under the barnacles. 'Here 't is, whatever 't is!'

Oh, pussyfoot! Only a paper, after all!

The scientist had it like a cat a mouse. He unfolded parchment sheets gingerly.

Like the red deer had I fled through tangled atherwood of hawthorn and brier down the glen with death for the hound. Four Hessians, mad to kill, had chased me out, and now it was for the rope bridge I was making, and it my one chance. Like a spider's thread it swung from the continent to the island-rock of Wave Desart, and troth, none but an Irish head would have the heels for it. As I sped o'er it, I turned to bid the four come on if they dared, but if I did, what but their swords flashed in the sunlight, and slowly the hempen rope-strands parted and the bridge hung down into the gulf between me on the rock-isle and my foes on the cliff.

'Then the laugh 's with them,' said I to myself, 'for if they were out of that this minute, and my mother — God rest her — and the Blessed Virgin and Ireland stood in a row beckoning me over, I could n't cross back, and the tide 's on the turn, so!'

With that I sat down on the seaweeds, for fairly done I was; and drowning seemed sure, sitting or standing. Then it was I was aware of two brown eyes regarding me, and a fine young seal shook himself like a dog that had slept and made to scramble down o'er the rocks seaward. But at his first stir a bullet pinged from the cliffs, and the seal lay moaning, with a bleeding flipper, and his eyes asking me for his life.

'On my hand, there 's no sense in you as well as myself being destroyed to pleasure those villains of Hessians!' said I, and a second bullet spattering betune us. 'While they watch for me to drown, they 're for having great sport and practice of their artillery on the creature, but here 's to spoil the fun!' And with no more about it, I gripped my arms about the beast and sprang out with him into the waves heaving below.

That I 'd drown easier out of sight of those wreckers was my thought, as I shook the drops out of my sight for one dying look at Ireland. But where did I find myself but at the mouth of a cavern dim and deep, and a ledge along its sides on which I made shift to scramble. In the dark that was all the light there was, two points of golden flame glimmered below, and I made them out at last for the eyes of the seal swimming and always looking up at me. So I kept on for a good Irish mile, but there the cavern narrowed to an opening through

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which a naked seven-year-old child could scarce have squeezed, much less myself, of the full growth of twenty-one years, and broad of shoulder as the O'Flaherty men have ever been.

'Faith, the ends of the cavern and Murrough O'Flaherty rhyme,' I thought, 'and betune starving and drowning is all my choice!' But with that I felt a tug at my leg, and into the water I toppled and the seal diving with me into the depths of the world. Then we rose again, and within a stone's throw I saw a little walled town and a queer multitude of vessels in the harbor below. Galleys with tiered benches of oars and painted gods at the bows, and caracks with high poops and leathern sails, and wicked-snouted sea-serpents there were, and many more of fashions strange to me. And as I found my feet and walked up the strand, at my elbow stood a young man with the seal's eyes, and he throwing a cloak of sealskin over me and bidding me keep it about me, 'the way ye 'll be made free of Wave Desart!' he said. Queer enough his speech sounded to me, for it was the old Irish of annals and minstrelsy, and at first I was bothered by it. But by good luck my old master, Terence O'Leary, had in my boy-days indoctrinated me well with a sallagh-switch into the ancient learning of Ireland as well as the Latin and Greek, and it soon began to come back to me.

'What are ye and what is this place at all?' I asked the lad. 'It can't be Heaven by reason of the sea water about us, and it can't be Hell by the same token!'

'Heard ye never of the Town in Love with Itself?' said he.

'The town that would n't suffer priest nor prayer in it,' said I, 'for it deemed itself fairer nor Paradise and its folk better than th' angels, and it wanted nothing of God save to be let alone! Sure oft in my father's castle, Dark Allie spinning by the turfs would tell us children of it and its judgment and bitter end.'

'Bitter enough, but not the end yet!' said he, with a moan in his voice. 'Oh, black hour, when I, the watchman, saw the Wave of Desart with the thunder of kings' chariots leap up against the walls and towers of our love and seal us into ourselves in judgment!'

'Man alive,' I cried, 'the Town in Love with Itself was drowned in the waves in the days of Blessed Columba, and so my dark nurse told us a score of times. 'T was a thousand years ago and more, and would ye be saying yourself saw it, and you not twenty by the look of ye?'

'I was nineteen the day the Wave of Desart broke,' said he, 'and to my moan it was I first saw it!'

'And is it a man or a seal you are nowadays?' I said. 'For if it 's a seal, you got hardship by that bullet of the Saxons?'

'Art, a man, am I,' he answered, stretching out an arm with a green wound on it. 'Only as seals may we leave this Town of our Desire, nor, if hurt befalls us in that shape, does the soul in us home elsewhere than here.'

On that I beheld approaching folk in the garb of long and long ago, men in close-fitting *truis* (hosen) and saffron shirts and short fringed cloaks, and women with hooded kirtles and folded mantles of purple, or crimson, or green. But one girl walked apart from the rest, and by her robes of six colors she was of high rank, and she was fair as flowers. Dark green eyes she had, long and soft, and her hair in two braids of pale gold over her shoulders, and the finger nails pink on her white hands. And at the first sight of her my heart cried out that she was all the beauty the world held for me, and my heart the shrine wrought for it.

Then Art declared me to the people,

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though by their looks they cared little about me. She of my heart it was who in a slow sweet voice spoke the welcome word, and, 'Come, stranger, to my father's house and give him the joy of entertaining you!'

'The joy will be mine,' said I, 'only to walk by your side, and may I have a name to sing ye by?'

'Feithfailge[1] am I,' said she.

'What else could ye be,' said I, 'with those honeysuckle ringlets fragrant about the face that 's a vision and a memory!' (My heart's nut, sure I wondered that the sweet color in your two cheeks never deepened a tint at my words and the look that went with them!)

'Come!' she bade, still as the lily on the sleeping lough. And going together we came to a stone dwelling above the rest of the town, with a broad sea-walk on the wall and a strong water-gate. Within, in a hall as large as that of the Castle at home, a great red man sat burnishing a shield, and as host to guest greeted he me and bade servants take hot stones to heat the bath, and at after set food and drink before me, but all as if he 'd never turn his head did I vanish that instant.

'What shipping at all are those curey-careys in your harbor?' said I. 'I've ne'er seen the *peel* (like) of them save in pictures of books. That one with the benches of oars has the air of a Roman galley!'

'She is a trader in from Phœnicia, yestreen,' said he. Tiernan, son of Conall, son of Nial of the Nine, his daughter had named him to me.

'Yestreen!' said I. 'And that long, low, black craft with the carven serpent's snout?'

''T was myself made prize of her when pirates out from Thule swept the coast last summertide,' answered he. 'Columb the Monk, my kinsman, was for preaching and praying to them, but my town and I preached to them with sharp and pointed spears and the pirates had more need of prayers than we!'

'To our grief! To our grief!' said Feithfailge, and in her voice the sorrow of the sea.

Then I, when chance offered, spoke with Art.

'Sure,' said I, 'here have we the year 1798, and this MacNeill speaks of Phœnician traders and pirates out of Thule and of the Blessed Columba as his living kinsman! Is he not rightly himself?' I said. 'For if he is, then I can't be!'

'O Murrough,' said Art, 'we folk of our own Desire are sealed into a dead day, and neither sunset nor sunrise are for us. But for the good deed yourself done on me in the seal shape, we are yours for as long as ye have a mind to keep the sealskin about ye and tarry among us.'

Then I, for the sake of Feithfailge, — Feithfailge of the honeysuckle ringlets, — dwelt in the sealed town and lived the life of a dead Ireland. To and fro I went among men, practising the arts of enamel or mosaic or jeweling-work in gold and silver and bronze, or stone carving, or forging shields strong as oak and swords and spears supple as willow and sharp as death. Women embroidering chess bags or cushions and veils, or skilled in leather work for satchels and the like, or singing at the corn-querns, had kindness for me, and much I learned from the poets of verse-making and law and history. Troth! I'd smile to think how those knowing nothing of Ireland swear out of their ignorance that there 's nothing to know, and that from the beginning of time and before her people were never more than scattered tribes of 'wild Irishry.'

But all the thoughts ever I thought in those days were born in chains and

[1] *Celtic*, honeysuckle ringlets.

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Feithfailge had the key. Hard it was to come by speech with her, since for all her beauty she was learned in medicine and a great doctor, comical as it is to think that a woman could be that same. But one fine day I encountered her on the sea-walk of her father's house, and it was the story that a man can tell but once in his life that I made three words of for her ear.

'I love ye, and love ye, and love ye!' said I. (Feithfailge, I'm saying it yet!)

But she, lifting up the dear green eyes, smiled into mine, and the smile had as little warmth as the sunshine of yesterday.

'Is it love the dry honeysuckle, for that 's what I am!' said she, standing there fresh as dew on roses. 'Withered is my heart, and cold my pulses, and all my craving is to sleep sound in blessed earth and let the soul in me free for its own country!'

Then I, in a young man's passion and pain, wrought with her, but for all her graciousness I felt right well that I never touched the self in the fair house of flesh. Apart as two dreamers in one bed may travel we were, though her white hands touched my hair in the end, and 'Poor boy, be said and give over this fancy for the dry leaf that is Feithfailge!' murmured she.

'Dry or not, 't is Feithfailge is the blossom of my desire!' said I, and went from her. And seeking Art, for comrades we two had grown, I asked him was there no chance at all of loosing the enchantment off of the girl of my heart.

'Aye, is there,' said Art, and a sudden hope looking out of the brown and gentle gaze, 'but 't is hardly mortal would take the task on himself!' And the hope sank back from its windows.

'If it was to bring Feithfailge ease, here 's one would harness himself to the world's weight!' said I.

'Then this is the year and this the season of the Ebb of the Wave of Desart!' said Art. 'Once in a hundred years at midnight it ebbs, and were a priest to say a Mass of the Dead o'er us ere the Wave came again, judgment would be at an end and our souls freed from the weary shapes. But 't would be apt to be the priest's own Mass into the bargain, for the Wave ebbs for no more than the bare time to tell the prayers, and all the sealskins in the sea would n't daunt its mischief for those withstanding it!'

'And if an O'Flaherty ever takes thought of danger in a dash, he 'll be the first of his breed to do that same!' said I.

Sorrow sign of the Ebb was there when I, throwing off the sealskin, took the sea with long strokes of a swimmer and Art beside me in the seal shape. The women weaving the gold threads mocked and the men traveling up and down scarce lifted heavy lids to regard the fool who 'd measure himself against the Wave of Desart. Only a babe from its mother's shoulder, as I went by, smiled at me with the old wise eyes of it, and Feithfailge coming lifted clasped hands and said she, 'Bitter fruit is parting, but in its core are the seeds of sweet hope!' So with the luck of her look following I swam out till Art, drawing me after him, rose up and up through the waters, and into the great cavern we came once more. Then since the Hessians — devil squince them! — were no more to be feared, I floated in easy to a bit of silver strand, and the seal on the surges watching with Art's eyes as long as he might.

To a certain glen between hills and sea I betook myself, where twelve Sun-Stones stand in a ring and the fairy fear is on the place. A great witch, Black Fand, in the old times trafficked her soul away there to Them there 's No Naming, as oft I'd heard Dark Allie narrate, and how Vevina Bawn found her senseless among the Stones and as

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naked as themselves. Howe'er that may be, in moonlight and sunlight alike all give it the go-by, and mighty tales there are of feet of unseen dancers printing the sod in time to tunes played where neither fiddler nor piper is to be seen. But I, parting the brambles, came into the middle of the Stones and, like a snipe, I called three times three.

'Who calls?' said a voice after that.

'One who knows!' said I.

With that a stone fallen in its place was moved aside, and out from beneath rose the best priest in Ireland, be the other who he may, my own uncle Con, Bishop of those parts. A price instead of a mitre is on his white hair, and all who love him in Ireland, and beyond in France and Rome, are always beseeching him to quit out of his peril, but his word is ever '*Fohlan foh* (wait awhile) till souls have gone out of fashion in Erin!' So now, at the signal of a soul needing him, he came out of the hiding-place contrived under the Stone that had once on a time been a Druid altar of sacrifice.

'Is that yourself, Murrough?' said he. 'Sure it 's drowned ye were off Wave Desart!'

Then and there I, looking him in the eyes, keen as those of an old eagle, told my tale, and no stranger nor half as strange ever told for sober truth. But Bishop Con, looking and listening, and now and again putting a question sharp as the dart of a *skene* (dagger), sat whisht a while after I had done, looking out to the whispering sea between the silent Stones.

'Faith, there 's a sign and a sure one to show whether or no ye 've had a crack on the head or the like that 's delusionated ye, nephew!' he said at long last.

'What 's your sign!' said I.

'The Ebb of the Wave, and that ye tell me is cast for this night!' said my uncle, rising on his feet. 'Till then, as we 've Shakespeare at our back, we 'll allow an odd corner of the heavens and earth to go unplumbed by our five wits, since sure none but a natural would spell supernatural to match himself!'

With that he, going back into his hole, fetched what he 'd need, and set off with me through the lengthening shadows. In the dress of a shepherd he was, but the few we met knew him well enough to let on they did n't know him, though they 'd kneel to him with their eyes as they passed. Poor and very poor are all in the place and the big price is on Bishop Con's head, but if it waits for an Irish hand to earn a coin of it, it 'll wait till Hell grows cold.

Midnight it was, and the world asleep, when we came to the Bay of Wave Desart, and I heard Bishop Con mutter, '*Kyrie Eleison!*' For bare in the windy moonlight lay the raths and dwellings of the Town in Love with Itself, and the sea far out for many a mile.

So my uncle, vested for a Black Mass and holding high the Pyx, came down chanting a *Requiem æternam*, and at the first step of him into the place a cry rose up. From the doors came men and women and children thronging him and beseeching to be dismissed to their rest. Art it was who marshaled them all on a ridge where in their day they had denied e'er a church should be built; and in their midst knelt Bishop Con, in strong silence, while nine waves might break. But Feithfailge coming swift drew me after her to the sea-walk and signed to the water-gate.

'Much ye have done, O Murrough, but more remains for ye!' she said. 'Be it yours to guard the gate while the saint frees us from the curse of our desire!'

'Guard it from what?' said I wondering.

'From the Wave!' said she with a dread in her voice. 'From the Wave!'

With that ye were gone from me,

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Feithfailge of the veins, and I looking on your sweet and tender grace for the last time!

Then from the ridge floated echoes of the beginnings of the Mass, and the sigh of those drinking in the words for which they had the thirst on them. But above and beyond came another sound, and I knew the tide was on the turn.

High above the harbor rose the town wall with the water-gate in the middle, strong with Irish oak and bronze. Strong enough to keep out the ships of the world it was; but I thought to myself sure the tide would n't trouble itself to enter by it alone, and I wondered again that Feithfailge should have set me that task. Already the sea-heralds of ripple and spray were running light-footed toward the wall and leaping up at it with summons to surrender — and the Mass no more than half out.

But away at sea came a roaring challenge, and O'Flaherty blood raced to answer it. Against the wall came a giant rush; and there 's no saying how all at once I knew in myself that, while the blessed words of uncreate Might and Mystery held the place, only mortal weakness could let in the might and mystery of the created sea. And 'Feithfailge!' was my shout as I stood to the gate and saw the bronze and oak of it flinch, and knew my will stronger than oak or bronze.

The sea was washing the top of the wall now, and for all I strained to hear was the Mass near out, no sound from the ridge could I perceive at all. For the Voice of challenge was at the gate and it splintering at it, and a great green swirl of waters rose and curled and hung above; and, looking up at it, my blood stocked at the centre. For, fierce and mighty, a Gaze gazed into my eyes, and the Voice shouted command without words, and a Strength was put out against mine. Whether it was Manannan mac Lir himself come out to do battle for the captives passing from his power, I know not, but it sprang against me, and my soul stood in grips with the Soul clothed in the Wave of Desart.

Then, as though the world were smitten into silence, came a last *Requiem æternam* and a great glad sigh out over the ridge; and as wall and water-gate sank into nothingness before me, I, panting, knew myself relieved from guard.

. . . .

'Where am I at all?' said I, finding myself, as I fancied, the next instant, bedded on seaweed in a place of brown turf-smoke.

'Where but in Dan the Fish's cabin, agra!' said a woman, holding drink to my lips. 'Washed up on the strand below ye were the night of the high tide, and if ye 're ever nearer drownin' than then, the gallow 'll have a good miss of ye. A terrible tide it was; and sure a graveyard somewhere got hardship by it, for a world of ancient bones and skulls were washed up along of yourself. The Lord receive them and mark them to grace, I pray!'

'What 's come to them?' said I, making shift to rise myself.

'Whisper, dear,' said she, 'sure the shepherd of Souls himself laid them in blessed earth. Did n't th' angels contrive to smuggle him off cosy out of the way of the waves, for on some holy errand he 'd been and his dress soaked with sea water? Sure, right well I know ye for his sister's son, Masther Murrough, and 't is he has been nurse-tendin' ye this while here!'

But for all my asking, Bishop Con will say nothing of that night's work.

'Where God is silent, 't is not wise to speak!' he says. Maybe it is because the curse on the Town in Love with Itself was put on it in the days of blessed St. Columba, and Bishop Con thinks he

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has made too free by lifting it when Columb did n't.

So, ere I leave Ireland that 's grown full of emptiness, wanting Art's fellowship and Feithfailge's dreaming grace, I 've written the whole queer history and in English, for the old kindly Irish seems apt soon to be dead and gone all out. Sailing forth from Carbery I 'll drop the bottle sealed in bladders overboard, and maybe someone will believe the story in it yet. Meanwhile the sea will keep it in its depths, as my heart keeps the vision and memory of Feithfailge.

Feithfailge!

OBERAMMERGAU'S TRADITION

BY A BERLIN CORRESPONDENT

From the London *Times*, *April* 19
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

AFTER a lapse of twelve years — instead of the customary ten — the Passion Play at Oberammergau is once more on the eve of production, and the little Bavarian town at the foot of the Kofel is prepared for its influx of visitors.

Anton Lang, the master potter, will act the part of Christus, and two others, Martin Hohenleiter as Simon and Anton Mayr as Thomas, share with him the distinction of having been chosen to play the same part for the third time in succession. About a dozen of the players in the 'speaking' parts represented the same characters in 1910, and about ten others were in the play of 1910, but in some other rôle. Certain players have been promoted from minor to major parts; to certain others, for reasons of age or other disability, have been assigned less important characters. To preserve tradition there has been a greater tendency than usual to retain the older players.

In a folk play of a religious character, with a continuity almost unbroken during four centuries, it is inevitable that a certain amount of stage tradition should crystallize upon the characters. Thus the three women's parts, Our Lady, Mary Magdalene, and Martha, are never repeated by the same person. John is always a young man. The Christus is always supposed to be taken as much for his saintly character as for his appearance. No stigma, but a certain degree of sympathy, attaches to the parts of Herod, Pilate, Judas, and Barabbas.

The tradition of acting is maintained at Oberammergau by religious plays (usually from Old Testament subjects) performed by the villagers for their own benefit in the years between. These plays serve also as a winnowing process, and afford a test for the parish committee which draws up the preliminary list of players for the chief parts. A frank discussion is held, and a list for ballot is then prepared. This, after being accepted by the full committee, is put to the general vote. The election of the players is a far more real affair to the people of Oberammergau than any political function. It was held last October.

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At noon on the day on which the voting opened the village attended a special High Mass, the fates of proposed players being thus solemnly committed to the suffrages of their fellow villagers.

The selection of Anton Lang for the chief part of Christus was a foregone conclusion. He has less the appearance than Tobias Flunger, who played the part in 1850 and moved Eduard Devrient to enthusiasm that gave the play its world-wide renown. He has not, perhaps, the temperament of the more famous Joseph Mayr, who took the part from 1870 to 1890 with such striking dignity. This Christus, who wore his long locks throughout his military service in the war of 1870, must have been a person of amazing character. Experience alone, however, would have ensured Anton Lang the part. Besides, the play must be in his blood. Ten persons of the family of Lang are playing name-parts in this year's play, apart from the director, Johann Georg Lang, and those many Langs who figure merely among the 'folk.' Andreas Lang is Peter, another Andreas is Matthew, Edward is Bartholomew, Rochus is Mark, Wilhelm is Nicodemus, Sebastian is the high-priest Annas — to name only a few. Ludwig Lang was director in 1900 and 1910; Burgomaster Johann Lang gave his whole life to the interests of the play; his daughter, Rosa Lang, played the part of Our Lady in 1890 and afterward became a nun.

Physical qualities, as well as artistic and moral, are necessary to the part of Christus. There are thirty-one official performances, apart from repeat performances; they last throughout the day, from eight in the morning till six in the evening, in eighteen episodes, and the presentation of the Passion scenes, with the restraint necessary to escape irreverence, must call for great efforts on the part of an imaginative man. There is, moreover, the actual representation of the Crucifixion. It need destroy no illusion to relate that the player of Christus is suspended by a corselet under the thin fleshing that he wears, and his arms and feet have only very slight supports. It calls for great endurance. When Anton Lang was being raised upon the cross in 1900 his arm slipped. His anxious sisters watching from the choir fell to praying fervently that all might go well with him. They knew the danger, which is always very real.

The part of Mary is always taken by an unmarried woman, tradition having it that no wife shall take any part in the play. It has fallen this year to Martha Veit, dark and with straight hair, daughter of a family whose names often recur in the history of the play. She replaces Ottilie Zwink, who took it in 1910 and established the legend of the perfect Mary. Paula Rendl, who takes the part of Mary Magdalene, is of a more Germanic type. She is the daughter of Peter Rendl, the sculptor in ivory and maker of crucifixes, who himself plays Joseph of Arimathæa. Martha is played by Anna Bauer; in 1910 it was played by Victoria Bauer.

As might be expected, the play does not bring out the character of Peter with the subtlety with which Scriptural text and legend have invested it. On the other hand, it gives Judas his full measure of treachery, and Guido Mayr, bearded, frowning, and sinister, can look, and may act, the part. If appearances guide he will read it very differently from his predecessor, Hans Zwink, who in 1900 and 1910 represented Judas to be a cold, mean, tight-lipped traitor. Gregor Breitsamter, the white-haired doyen of the play, takes the part of Herod; Melchior Breitsamter, a tall, slight youth, takes the part of John. He is a very different figure from his predecessor, Alfred Bierling, whose full features might have come from a Flor-

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entine portrait along with his pale skin and ruffled hair. One other participant may be mentioned — the sleek, wise-looking little ass that in the play carries Christus into Jerusalem. It is the pet of Anton Lang's two youngest children; the little daughter leads it round the village with her still smaller brother riding proudly on its back.

Altogether about seven hundred persons have some share in the production of the Passion Play. Those who have not been assigned leading parts, or such supernumerary rôles as Roman soldiers, money changers, witnesses, and so forth, help to make up the crowd of two hundred adults and two hundred children. Most of the latter will see it for the first time when the last costume rehearsal takes place. This is Oberammergau's own performance. The provision that no married woman may take part in the play fits by accident or design into the scheme. It leaves them at home to look after the well-being of the visitors. When the throng of strangers descends on the village on the eve of a performance, to be billeted on their houses, the wives and mothers of Oberammergau have no time or thought for plays. Therefore their benefit performance is the last costume rehearsal, the only one they ever see. On that day the men-folk of the village have to fend for themselves.

It is sometimes asked whether the play has an effect on the character and personality of the Oberammergau villagers. That it influences them is undoubted, and during the period of performances they certainly bear themselves off the stage with a consciousness of their mission. But they have other associations with Biblical lore and tradition. Very many of them are by trade skilled wood-carvers, the principal calling of the village at least since the twelfth century. It is on record that Abbot Ulrich von Rottenbuch, when he founded the convent at Berchtesgaden, employed wood-carvers, from Oberammergau to decorate it. The players, therefore, are often hereditary artists in another sense, familiarized to sculpture from childhood, principally in making representations in wood and ivory of crucifixes, figures of the saints, the Nativity, the descent from the cross. The profits from the play (for there is a sound financial side to it) have been expended in providing, among other things, a school of wood-carving where the traditions of craftsmanship are maintained. Like the parts of the play, the craft in its various branches runs in families. So also does the salesmanship.

The production of the play is surrounded with subjects inviting research. The legend is that it was instituted as the result of a communal vow made in 1633, when, as elsewhere during the Thirty Years' War, the pestilence visited Oberammergau and carried off eighty-four of the inhabitants in three weeks. The villagers are said then to have undertaken to act the Passion every tenth year if the plague should cease. But an inquiry into documents does not afford any explanation why they chose that particular form of penance.

The Passion Play was one of the oldest forms of folk drama in Bavaria and Tirol and can be traced back to the twelfth century. The original on which the present text is based was itself an adaptation of something even older, made in the fourteenth century and played at Frankfort on the Main in 1501. At one time almost every village in this part of Bavaria had its Passion Play. Most of these lasted down to 1770 when all quasi-religious theatrical performances were suppressed by the State, that of Oberammergau with them. The plays in general seem to have led to a good deal of license, and the

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text (as might be expected in Bavaria) had become corrupt with a breadth that was certainly not religious. Oberammergau petitioned for reprieve on the strength of its vow, and the play was permitted to be performed again in 1780. In 1810 it was again suppressed, but again an appeal was successful and it was performed in 1811. The text was then severely revised, and with it the music. The Frankfort text had been superseded in 1513 by the Heidelberg Passion Play, which has remained the basis ever since. Sebastian Wild, the pupil of Hans Sachs, prepared a new version in 1560. It was in use when the first votive performance took place in 1634. It was not seriously remodeled till Father Ottmar Weiss, of the neighboring monastery of Ettal, modernized it in the early years of the last century. It has been frequently pruned since then. Of the old traditional music that accompanied the version of Sebastian Wild, only two motets, 'Eloi, Eloi' and 'Consummatum Est' are still used. The rest was rewritten by Rochus Dedler, the Oberammergau schoolmaster, to suit the revised text. It is now scored for thirty-five instrumentalists and a choir of forty persons.

The accounts of the play have been preserved and these show that usually in the eighteenth century the expenses were either just covered or the community made up the difference. Profits first began to be earned at a supplementary representation in 1801, and they were used in that and subsequent years mainly for embanking the river Ammer. The fame of the play and its large profits began after the performance of 1850 had been seen by Devrient, who wrote an article about it in the Leipzig *Illustrierte Zeitung*. In 1860 a handsome profit was earned. In 1880 the income from performances and sale of the texts was 336,590 marks (then about £16,830) and the expenses 81,090 marks (then about £4055). The players shared £5800, of which Mayr received £50 for his performance of Christus.

In 1900 the budget balanced at 1,068,487 marks, of which 615,463 marks was clear profit. Out of this the village built a new practice theatre, a new school of wood-carving, made large donations to the local church and charities, and still had a balance of £12,028 for division among the performers. Anton Lang received £75 for his representation of Christus — not a princely salary for an actor who was praised by the illustrious of Europe and America, who lodged kings, princes, and Mr. Rockefeller in his house, and was given an hour's audience by Pope Leo XIII. The profits to the village from letting lodgings are not easily estimated, but they must be considerable.

The fear so often expressed that the play would become commercialized and the villagers would lose their character of simplicity has not been wholly realized. They probably never were very simple where money was concerned. That its legendary vow has proved profitable is not denied. It is the subject of much satire in the comic papers of Munich, which depict Christus selling his locks by auction at the end of the season, and Judas ridiculing the notion of any offer so low as thirty pieces of silver. This year the prices of seats and lodgings have been increased, but not in proportion to the exchange, and the accusation of profiteering is therefore not altogether justified. In any case it comes ill from Munich.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

GRATITUDE

BY RICHARD HUGHES

[*Spectator*]

ETERNAL gratitude — a long, thin word:
When meant, oftenest left unheard:
When light on the tongue, light in the purse, too:
Of curious metallurgy: when coined true
It glitters not, is neither large nor small:
More worth than rubies — less, times, than a ball.
Not gift, nor willed: yet through its wide range
Buys what it buys exact, and leaves no change.

Old Gurney had it, won on a hot day
With ale, from glib-voiced Gypsy by the way.
He held it lightly: for 't was a rum start
To find a hedgeling who had still a heart:
So put it down for twist of a beggar's tongue. . . .
He had not felt the heat: how the dust stung
A face June-roasted: *he* saw not the look
Aslant the gift-mug; how the hand shook. . . .
Yet the words rang in his head, and he grew merry
And whistled from the Boar to Wrye-brook ferry,
And chaffed with Ferryman when the hawser creakt
Or slipping bilge showed where the planks leakt:
Lent hand himself, till doubly hard the barge
Butted its nose in mud of the farther marge.

When Gurney leapt to shore, he found — dismay!
He had no tuppence — (tuppence was to pay
To sulky Ferryman). 'Naught have I,' says he,
'Naught, but the gratitude of Tammas Lee
Given one hour.' Sulky Charon grinned:
'Done,' said he; 'done: I take — all of it, mind.'
'Done,' cries Jan Gurney. Down the road he went,
But by the ford left all his merriment.

This is the tale of midday chaffering:
How Charon took, and Gurney lost the thing:
How Ferryman gave it for his youngest daughter
To a tall lad who saved her out of water
(Being old and mean, had none of his own to give,
So passed on Tammas', glad to see her live):
How the young Farmer paid his quarter's rent
With that one coin, when all else was spent,
And how Squire kept it for some goldless debt. . . .
For aught I know, it wanders current yet.

Yet Tammas was no angel in disguise:
He stole Squire's chickens — often; he told lies,
Robbed Charon's garden, burnt young Farmer's ricks
And played the village many lousy tricks.

No children sniffled and no dog cried,
When, full of oaths and dirt, he died.

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THE HISTORICAL CYRANO DE BERGERAC

WITH the possible exception of *Chantecler*, Edmond Rostand's most popular play — both in the United States and abroad — is undoubtedly *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Rostand's fantastic and gallant Cyrano is the last great creation of French romanticism. It is perhaps not generally realized that, however widely the creation of the playwright's fancy has departed from history, his hero was a real man, and there is more than a hint of truth in the play. Indeed, it is even said that Rostand studied the writings of the historic Cyrano and incorporated occasional sentences from him into the play itself.

But his departures from history were even greater than his fidelity to it, if we may trust M. Frédéric Lachèvre, who has just published in Paris an edition of *Les œuvres libertines de Cyrano de Bergerac*. Cyrano was no Gascon gentleman, but a Parisian bourgeois. He was born in 1619, the fourth son of Abel de Cyrano. He added the 'de Bergerac' himself, taking the name from a small estate that his father had once owned and later sold. The historic Cyrano, like the Cyrano of romance, was well educated, became a great swordsman, served in the army, and was twice wounded. The famous combat of the Porte de Nesle, and the prohibition of the actor Montfleury from appearing on the stage for a month, actually took place, but only after Cyrano had retired from the army on account of his wounds. He was a student of philosophy, and his master was Gassendi, the Epicurean, among whose pupils was Molière. The manner of Cyrano's death, as represented in the play, is quite historic. Cyrano died, still a young man, in 1655, about a year after a piece of timber had been dropped on his head; and it has never been quite certain whether this was an accident or a malicious design.

M. Lachèvre's edition of Cyrano's works is not complete, but is said to be the most careful and authoritative that has been issued so far. It contains full notes and many variations from the manuscripts, some of which have not been printed hitherto. Cyrano was plagiarized by Molière in *Les fourberies de Scapin*. This also is mentioned in Rostand's play.

THRIFTY MRS. ASQUITH

NEVER averse to turning an honest penny, — and the English penny is worth a full two cents, — Mrs. Asquith has scarcely returned to England before the *Evening Standard* announces that it will publish exclusively in England the diary of her American tour. Airily characterizing the indefatigable diarist's latest endeavor as 'these chronicles of a great tour' (which will be news to some Americans), the advertising writer casually adds that 'she has met nearly every notable person in politics, literature, art, and society' in America (which will be news to a good many more).

'Intimate, personal, and daring,' the purveyor of advertising copy goes on, 'Mrs. Asquith does not spare herself.' It's a nerve-racking business, this diary-keeping!

For some unknown reason an extract from the diary is appended to the advertisement, and for reasons still more darkly mysterious it is entitled 'My début as a lecturer.' This is the extract — all of it!

I know something about youth, as we Tennants are a race apart . . . because we

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have no age. . . . Gypsies and palmists said I would always be young enough to make love and inspire it. . . . My father's last beautiful daughter was born when he was eighty.

✽

THE NOVEL TO-DAY

A BOOK of interest to those who follow contemporary literary development with care has appeared in England. It is called *Some Contemporary Novelists* (*Men*), and is the work of Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. It discusses the work of those gentlemen whom it is the fashion to call the 'younger' English novelists, although by this time most of them are getting pretty well into middle age. Mr. Johnson selects eleven writers for criticism: Messrs. Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, W. L. George, J. D. Beresford, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, J. C. Snaith, E. M. Forster, John Buchan, Neil Lyons, and Frank Swinnerton.

The critic accords high praise to Mr. Frank Swinnerton, who he says 'has spoken for eternal youth, and is the greatest artist among his contemporaries.' Occasionally Mr. Johnson is betrayed into foolishness, as when he casually remarks that Mr. W. L. George stands almost alone among his contemporaries in the passionate sincerity of his convictions; but in general his book appears to be a fairly careful study.

✽

THE FRENCH READING PUBLIC

A CHANGE has come over the tastes of book buyers in France. Parisian booksellers say that the public taste is turning back to the old days. Balzac, Victor Hugo, Jules Verne, Dumas *père*, and of late Zola, are highly popular. Among the younger generation, however, there is a growing interest in novels which deal with problems of our own day. Girls no longer allow their parents to choose their books for them, but claim the right to read what they find most interesting; and those who are working for their living — an increased number since the war — are not inclined to accept the reactionary sentiments, but look for something in literature that is nearer their own experience. Books about the war are still finding readers.

✽

MASEFIELD ON A POET'S CAREER

IN a recent speech at Aberdeen University, made in response to insistent demands from the students, after the University had conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him, John Masefield gave an insight into his own progress as a poet. When he had finished, the cheering students seized him and carried him enthusiastically on their shoulders out of the hall. Mr. Masefield thus sketched the career of a worker in literature: —

> You begin as a writer. You are filled with the energy of youth, and you believe that you can reform the whole profession of literature. You go on in that good faith as long as youth lasts. After a few years you look at what you have done, you see all you have done, and you see simply that you have been young and that youth is gone.
>
> You see that you have not discovered what life is, nor what is behind life, and that your youth is past, and you are so many years to the bad. But then you think, 'Well, I have at least rid myself of some of the nonsense that was in me.' You think that perhaps you have some greater power over your material, some greater sense of the value and the color of words. Then you turn again to your work, and after the lapse of some years you look again at what you have done. You see that you know nothing about life. Life is infinitely more mysterious than anything you can say. You can't probe its mystery; you know nothing about it.
>
> Then you will be filled with despair. You turn again to your work. You realize that

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somewhere outside life there come gleams and suggestions — a kind of butterflies floating into this world from somewhere. You have, yourself, the determination that you will follow those butterflies of the soul and find that you will come at last to some country that is quite close to this life of ours. You will be able to enter into it and make it visible to the rest of mankind, and then you go on in that faith.

You may never get to that country. But the belief that that country exists tends to make it possible to all the rest of mankind, because all mankind, since the beginning of man, has been a building-up by courage and by truth and by beauty and by acts of self-sacrifice of some great invisible world all round us to which men in moments of peril, moments of anxiety and exultation, have access according to their power; and all efforts, no matter how feeble, tend to make that world greater.

✻

A NEW CAXTON

A COPY of Caxton's *Chronicles of England* has been sent to a firm of London booksellers from Cork. The book arrived wrapped in a single sheet of brown paper, with this letter from the sender: —

Do you think this book is of any value? It came to me from my father, who died about three months ago. I cannot say how or where he got it. I think he must have bought it among a pile of others. As to the selling of it, I leave it in your hands.

When the booksellers opened the package, — probably expecting the usual worthless old book, — they found that they had received a first edition of the *Chronicles:* 'Emprynted by me William Caxton in thabbey of Westmynstre,' June 10, 1480. This copy has never before been recorded, and hitherto only five perfect and about eight imperfect copies of this edition have been known. In the sixteenth century this old book belonged to one Nicholas Benson, who describes himself as 'free of the most worshipfull company of Grocers,' and whose autograph appears in the margins. A later inscription shows that it was 'bought of the Rev. John Armstrong, Kingswell, Sat., April 24, 1779, by Verney Lovett,' who is mentioned in Hazlitt's Roll of Book Collectors.

The owner in Cork will probably have a very agreeable surprise when he finds the sum that the old book will bring him.

✻

A HUMOROUS COMMUNIST

WHEN 'Tomfool,' of the London Communist newspaper, the *Daily Herald,* is not vociferously demanding the instant shedding of illimitable oceans of capitalistic gore, he occupies himself with turning out amusing little trifles like this: —

A POEM IN A PANIC

The Herald's waiting — curse!
What shall a poor fool do?
My Kingdom for a Verse,
  Or even two!

The Printers, with a fine
Contempt, ask, 'Are n't you done?'
My Kingdom for a Line,
  Or half a one!

The Staff, a howling pack
Of wolves, bear down on me —
My Kingdom for a Dac-
  Tyl or Trochee!

The Editor cries, 'Time!'
And reaches for his knout —
My Kingdom for a Rhyme!
  Who 'll help me out?

Sir, hold your hand! the Verse
Is done — by me alone!
It could n't be much worse,
  But it 's my own.

I won't be whacked or sacked!
Call off your Staff! I'll show 'em!
My Kingdom's still intact,
  And here's my Poem.

✻

THE BOOK THIEF WARNED

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Sunday Times* prints a delectable bit of fif-

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teenth-century imprecation. The verse is found in a manuscript dated 1440. Apparently the manners and morals of book-owners and book-lovers have mended little with the passing centuries. Is there a suggestion here for a book-plate? This is the rime: —

Thys boke is one,
And God's kors ys anoder;
They that take the ton,
God gefe them the toder.

*

THE HARD LOT OF THE FRENCH NOVELIST

In spite of the occasional success of the author of a best seller, Parisian novelists appear to have about as hard a time as their brethren in other lands. Such, at least, is the view of Mr. Roland Atkinson, who sends his impressions from Paris to the *Sunday Times:* —

Revelations of the poverty of French novelists are forthcoming as the result of the investigations of the income-tax collectors. Some little while ago an Inland Revenue official, who spends his fireside hours over modern literature, was surprised at the insignificant amount of income declared for taxation purposes by a novelist. He became suspicious. Not only was the writer known to himself, a prolific reader, but his works could be seen on every bookstall. He must, thought the official, be wealthy as the result of such popularity. Out of respect for the distinguished *contribuable*, he did not take the usual proceedings, but penned a courteous letter to the author. Although courteous, the effect was, 'You cannot make me, knowing so well the reputation of your books, believe that you earn so little.'

With equal courtesy the *romancier* replied that, unfortunately, it was but too true that the amount he had declared was the total of his income. And for the benefit of the studious and considerate tax-collector, he set down figures showing that the majority of French authors have the utmost difficulty in making ends meet. According to these figures, the profits of an author on an edition running to five thousand copies is three thousand francs. If he publishes two in a year that makes six thousand, or £120. By serializing previously in a newspaper or a monthly review, there is a possibility of doubling the return. Even then it works out at but six pounds a week. Of course, there are exceptional books, such as *Maria Chapdelaine*, *Les croix de bois*, the novels of Pierre Benoit, Marcel Prevost, Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Henry Bordeaux, and Maurice Barrès, which run up to fifty or sixty thousand. But, according to the author under inquisition, there are not one hundred French novelists who make over twenty thousand francs, or £400, a year.

*

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THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

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